

A new article by
DR. HILLIARD
Your First Baby

How to Cook for a Man

1957 HOLIDAY GUIDE

all about where to go
and how to get there

for the Canadian Woman
Chatelaine

JANUARY • 1957 • 20 CENTS



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Chatelaine

for the Canadian Woman

JANUARY 1957 VOL. 29 NO. 1

An RCAF cook tells us what women shouldn't cook for men



We're willing to go to almost any lengths to get the facts for a Chatelaine story—even, it turns out, two thousand miles over rugged bushland in the case of this month's story on How to Cook for a Man. Chatelaine Institute had researched restaurants and chefs to find out men's eating habits. Then, just as the story was being written,

we got an invitation from the RCAF to join a press party flying off to Goose Bay in Labrador. It seemed a long way to go to interview an air-force chef, but we did it, for here is Chatelaine's copy editor, Jean Yack, talking to RCAF cook Corporal Arthur Finnegan. "Women make one big mistake in cooking for men," says Finnegan who heads a shift of four cooks and turns out five hundred meals at a sitting. "They get too fancy." He reports that air-force men generally pass up highly spiced foods, lima beans, prune whips and most salads and fish.

The results of Jean's two-thousand-mile research job are on page 11 with a quiz to help you detect what kind of an eater you're married to and lots of recipes to help you keep him happy.

Chatelaine's lively staff members always seem to be engaged in some new off-beat project. That's why we didn't even blink an eyelash when Ollie Hrehorsky, our newest staff member in Chatelaine Institute, told us she and two other girls took a camping trip through the Rockies last summer and woke up one night with bears snuffling around their sleeping bags. Ollie, a graduate in home economics from the University of Toronto, loves cooking and gets lots of it while she tests and retests the recipes that appear in Chatelaine. In addition to cooking and playing dead for bears, she swims, plays tennis, takes classes in interpretive dancing and plays the violin.



Last summer when we were planning our January issue, we decided there was no better pickup for that after-Christmas slump you're probably going through right now than a travel issue. A travel-poster cover seemed only logical, and one name came immediately to mind—Savignac. He is a dark, curly-haired Frenchman, internationally famous for his powerful, simple drawings. That's why our cover looks so different this month—it's a Paris import. Like it?

Also new this month, but strictly a Canadian-made product, is our club column on page 37. Please address your letters to Pat Parkinson, our club editor.

In February's issue we'll be bringing you again our prize-winning selection of the food Canada likes best, selected from the favorite family recipes of the nation. This year we had more than seven thousand tantalizing recipes, more than ever before, from which to choose the fifty we think you and your family will like best. ♦

FICTION

- Go With the Lovely Ladies, Susie Adeline Attwood 10
Imagine! At Her Age! Avis Carlson 12

GENERAL ARTICLES

- Your First Baby Dr. Marion Hilliard 9
How to Teach Your Child to Skate Yvonne Dailey 38

REGULAR FEATURES

- Letters to Chatelaine 2
Teen Tempo Cynthia Williams 6
Learn to Live with Yourself Dr. Reva Gerstein 7
Chatelaine's Club News Pat Parkinson 37

CHATELAINE'S 1957 HOLIDAY GUIDE

- Don't Be Afraid to be a Tourist Jean Piers 16
Chatelaine's Holiday Guide—Where to Go ... Jeannine Locke 18-23
When I Travel 26
How to Choose Your New Luggage Vivian Wilcox 28
Travel Without Tears Jeannine Locke 30

FASHION & BEAUTY

- A Capsule Wardrobe to Take You Anywhere Vivian Wilcox 34
Chatelaine's Invitation to Beauty Vivian Wilcox 36
Fashion Goes South to Summer (pattern) 40

HOME PLANNING

- Your House Doris Thistlewood 3

HOUSEKEEPING

- How to Cook for a Man Elaine Collett 14
Chatelaine Meals of the Month 24
Chatelaine Institute Helps You Clean House 51

CHATELAINE NEEDLECRAFT

- Crazy-Quilt Stitches 46
Lacy or Plain Knit Scarves 53

FOR CHATELAINE'S YOUNG PARENTS

- Can a Scare Deform Your Baby? ... Elizabeth Chant Robertson, MD 54
Chatelaine's Chatty Chipmunk 56

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DOUGLAS M. GOWDY
Director, Maclean-Hunter Magazine Division

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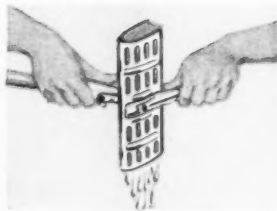
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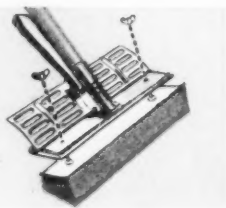
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LETTERS TO CHATELAINE

Quarrels beat the "road blocks"



MY husband actually brought Why You Should Never Quarrel with Your Husband (November) to my attention as he considered it to be ridiculously funny and wanted to know if I agreed. I did! We have been married for nearly five years and have had possibly more quarrels than average due to many "road blocks" in our marriage. And we can honestly say . . . that there has grown a deep and sympathetic bond between us which would not necessarily have been had we not known the true feelings of each other.

We find that quarrels do blow off steam . . .

E. B., Ottawa.

In Correction

I wish to draw your attention to an error in your November issue, page 17, in the article entitled How To Make A Party Go. The third sentence in paragraph three reads "Her husband, Donald, is president of Dominion Structural Steel Limited, etc."

This is definitely not correct.

W. A. Marshall, President,
Dominion Structural Steel Limited.

Gives Real Solution

I have been wanting to compliment you for having the courage to publish those articles by Dr. Marion Hilliard. Dr. Hilliard writes about real problems and gives solutions that you can sink your teeth into. She recognizes the fact that you can't pick feathers from a frog . . .

Mrs. M. W. E. Kidd, Vancouver.

Chatty's Mailbox

My favorite game is finger painting. I am eight years old. I will send you a picture of something; it probably won't be very good as I am just learning. Our grandmother sends us Chatelaine from Canada and I like your page very much.

Gerald Bruce, Teuksbury, Mass.

Give Quints Love

We were very sorry to hear the Dionne Quints were so unhappy. We were so proud of them and loved them so and if given a chance would be doubly proud and loving now. We'd like to admire not hurt them. Please tell them somehow. I'm sure these sentiments aren't just my own.

Mrs. Helen Peters, Calgary.

Chatelaine Credits

The article by Helen O'Reilly, Birds—For Your Winter Garden, November, was greatly appreciated by me, and no doubt by other bird lovers. I now have one adorable birdhouse in our back yard, and will be putting up a few more.

Mrs. Rose Marie Groleau, Montreal.

While visiting Canada I bought Chatelaine and enjoyed it more than any magazine I have seen in a long time. I am going to subscribe for it and am also subscribing it for my sister. You are putting out a most helpful magazine.

Mrs. Charles Morrice, Lake Odessa, Mich.

Teen Tempo a Hit

Your Teen Tempo is tops! I covered a piece of cardboard with oilcloth, made a front flap of the same, snipped the Teen Tempo page, glued it into the oilcloth folder and sent it to our I-H girls to read and pass around at school. They can't wait for your next. Keep it brief, practical and interesting and they'll "really go for it."

Coral Lindsay, Kars, Ont.

Magazines to England

Thanks very much indeed for printing my letter asking for Canadian magazines. The response was more than I could cope with in a few days. I received so many lovely letters plus dozens of magazines.

Mary Hughes, Newcastle, England.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By RCAF (1); John Sebert (1, 22); Paul Rockett (6, 9, 16, 21, 28, 29); Peter Croydon (14, 15); Nova Scotia Film Bureau (19); Miller Services (20, 54); Fukuda Publishing Co. (23); Dennis Colwell (36).

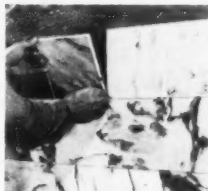
YOUR HOUSE BY DORIS THISTLEWOOD

Discoveries For Easier Living

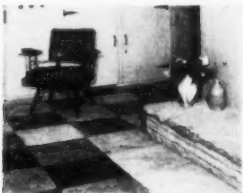


Here are four new products on the market that might solve your home planning problems this year

The elegance of marble is no longer out-of-bounds for the average home planner. A one-time luxury, loved as much for its practicality as its beauty, marble was sold only in lavish heavy slabs. But today manufacturers have found a way to cut marble thinner and thus lower its price. The new marble tiles are only half an inch thick and their installed cost is just a little more than fine ceramic tile. Tile comes in three sizes: eight-inch, eight by twelve inches, and twelve-inch squares. There are eighteen varieties of first-quality marble, in all the traditional marble shades. They can be used in the same manner as ceramic tile on most wall or floor surfaces—over painted plaster, plywood, cement or concrete. Just a few tiles will create an elegant home accessory — a make-up counter in a bathroom, or to top a refinished chest in the dining room. For the living room they make a handsome and inexpensive coffee table: apply tiles with ceramic adhesive to a plywood slab and attach slim brass legs (available at hardware stores).



Tiles again — of broadloom. These carpet tiles of cotton or viscose rayon broadloom, cut in eighteen-inch squares, come with their own tough adhesive on the back. Pressed into the floor, they grip firmly, yet can be removed without leaving a mark. Apartment dwellers can take them up and re-lay them whenever they move, without the waste of refitting and cutting. Individual tiles getting heavy traffic can be rotated with those less used under furniture. You can lay them in your own floor design—plain, checker-board or striped. The viscose rayon (about \$2.50 a square) is recommended for heavy-duty areas, the cotton (about \$2 a square) for bedrooms. Neither requires any under padding, of course.



Water-repellent furniture upholstery is always good news. A new water-repellent finish is the Syl-mer silicone treatment. You can't see it or feel it; a tag on the furniture states whether its fabric has been Syl-mer finished. This means that the woven cloth has been immersed in silicone liquid, which coats each individual fibre. When water-borne liquids, such as orange juice, pop, coffee or liquor, are spilled they sit in puddles on top of the fibres instead of soaking into them. They're easy to blot up with a sponge, but *don't rub* as this forces the liquid between the fibres down into the upholstery. Grease-based stains—such as lipstick, mayonnaise, hair dressings—must be spot-cleaned with a reliable solvent, but no solvent ring is left. To keep this or any upholstery fabric fresh, sponge lightly every two weeks with one teaspoon of ammonia to a pail of warm water.

Sun-faded furniture fabrics have long been a headache to housewives and manufacturers, too. Now manufacturers are tackling the problem with Coloray, a new process for dyeing viscose rayon while it is still in liquid form. (As a man-made fibre, viscose rayon starts as a liquid and is fused into a solid thread by a chemical process.) Thus, when the viscose rayon solidifies into a thread the dye, now part of the original liquid, is already locked in all through. ♦



Winter Warning!


If you catch a cold . . .
and fever develops . . .
go to bed and call
your doctor right away.

Fever warns of complications . . .
such as pneumonia,
influenza and infections
of the throat, ears and sinuses.

Prompt treatment for these and
other winter ailments may
make the difference
between a quick recovery
and a lengthy, complicated illness.

To help prevent a cold,
stay away as much as possible
from people who have a cold;
get plenty of sleep and rest;
eat a well-balanced diet;
avoid getting chilled,
wet or overtired and try
to avoid exposure to drafts.

For other helpful information about winter ailments, send
for Metropolitan's free booklet, Respiratory Diseases.

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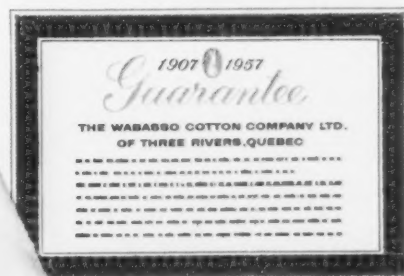
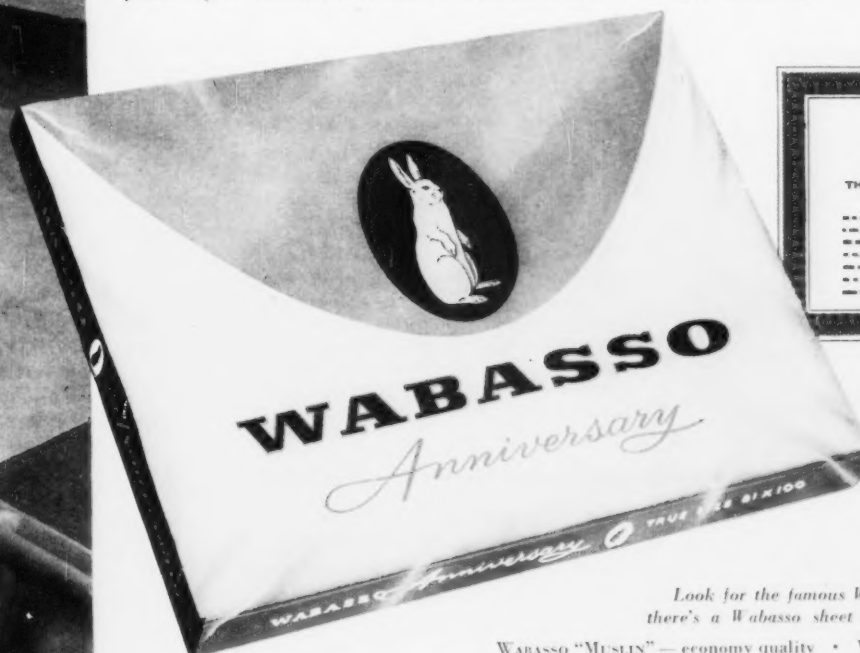
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Danish Modern furniture courtesy of
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teen tempo

*This month the boys
say what it is they
want in a girl*

BY CYNTHIA WILLIAMS



What Makes Her Popular?

Girls are always looking for a magic key to popularity with boys . . . some abracadabra formula with all the answers.

And boys are quite talkative on the subject. Almost all the boys we asked liked the same qualities in girls: For the first impression—looks and charm. Later a boy looks for personality, the friendly all-round girl who doesn't have to excel in any one thing, doesn't put on the dog, makes you feel at home, fair amount of brains, good sense of fun but can have a serious conversation too.

Looks do count. But let's face facts. You don't have to be a raving beauty to attract a masculine eye. One plump little girl who looked like a Teddy bear was terrifically popular. She was fun to be with, of course. But one of the main reasons she attracted them, the boys said, was because she always looked so spanking clean. She shone from her hair to her shoes.

Charm of course is that indefinable something some people have that makes other people feel important. The best way to develop that is to be genuinely interested in others.

That leads to another quality. Have you ever noticed that people who are really popular have a terrific zest for life . . . a vitality . . . a burning interest in everything? The wan, lackadaisical, bored people never get to first base.

If first impressions are favorable, a boy wants to know a girl. Then the personality traits are important. Some girls wonder why they have a series of first dates only. Maybe it's here they fall down. A girl who brags is never very entertaining. A boy has to feel completely at home with a girl. If she indicates in any way that he is lacking—in manners maybe, or in general know-how, or sparkling wit, or even in dancing, she's had it. Who wants to spend a second evening feeling uncomfortable?

Girls who like to do everything, from a dinner dance to Scrabble at home, get a lot more votes than girls who can't enjoy everything. There it is again, that zest for living.

Think what you like, no boy likes to take out a brainless clinging vine for any length of time, not if he has an ounce of grey matter himself. Girls who have opinions of their own, who like a good discussion (not a didactic argument!) are interesting company. People who always agree with everything you say are colorless, not real personalities at all.

So, though there's no magic formula, it comes down to this. Gay, happy, vital people attract people—boys and girls.

Lenders Are Losers

Every now and then this question comes up—usually too late—and a friend has been lost.

"A while ago I lent some money to an old boy friend. We had been quite good friends even though we broke up about six months ago. I asked him the other day if I could have it back and he said he didn't have it. Now I need it for my mother's birthday present. He was quite unpleasant when I asked him. What can I do?"



It seems very mean not to lend something to a friend in need but borrowing and lending can often lead to nasty difficulties. It is far better to keep things straight by getting along on what you have, neither borrowing nor lending, and keeping your friends.

Scheme a Dream Bedroom

What you need most, probably, is more space. You can get it by moving your bed from the centre of the room and placing it in one corner. Fine for sleeping, and dandy for just lounging too.

Be bold but simple with your color scheme. Three colors are plenty. If you like cool colors

try pale-turquoise walls, a royal-blue bedspread, an old chest painted navy blue accented by a soft-yellow cotton scatter rug and a chair with the seat pad slip-covered in deep mustard yellow. Finish all the accessories (mirror frame, lamp bases and shades, picture frames) with a coat of white paint. If you prefer warmer colors start with beige-sand walls, with the wall behind the bed painted deep cinnamon, and add a chocolate-brown spread. Paint a chest or your desk in a rust shade with a coral cotton scatter rug and accent the chair seat pad and accessories in apple green.

Use your imagination to keep costs low. For draperies use unbleached factory cotton, colored denim or burlap. If you sew, make your own curtains. Try combining a cream-colored paper window blind (for the top part of the window) and a factory-cotton café curtain on a brass rod for the lower two thirds.

Here are four ways to use unbleached factory cotton in your decorating scheme. Match the colors in your room in rickrack braid and sew the braid on the fabric in stripes or cross them to form a plaid. Use textile paint to stencil your own designs on cotton draperies or slip covers. With a hot iron apply strips of colored mending tape to make colored borders on the drapery. For "custom"-



designed black-and-white draperies design your own pattern and carve it into the end of a split potato. Press the carved end of the potato into a flannel cloth soaked with good-quality black india ink and print the pattern hit or miss fashion over the surface of the cotton.

Of course you'll want a bulletin board for souvenirs: Cut a piece of corrugated cardboard the right size. Cut a piece of natural or colored burlap allowing an inch and a half extra on all sides. Tape the burlap overlap to the back of the cardboard and reinforce this by sticking straight pins on an angle through the tape into the cardboard. Use large gay colored hatpins to hold your collection in place on the board.

It's fun to sit on the floor when friends drop over for a chat or to listen to records and it's easy to make a comfortable "squatting" corner in your room. Old chesterfield cushions are perfect, each covered with a different colored felt. Trace the size of the cushion on the felt and allow three quarters of an inch for the hem and edging. Place these pieces on the cushion with the edges showing outside and stitch by hand. Stack the cushions on top of one another to make a hassock when they aren't in use. ♦

Watch for TEEN TEMPO next month, with news and views on teen fashions, dates and etiquette. Cynthia Williams will be pleased to answer your questions or problems by mail. The best letters will appear in this column (no names will be published). Write to:

Cynthia Williams, Chatelaine,
481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.



Learn to Live with yourself

BY DR. REVA GERSTEIN

There's no short cut to happiness

HIGH on the best-seller lists today are a number of books that seem to offer happiness in a tidy capsule. "Just repeat this easy formula and you can be anything you make up your mind to be," some of them promise. Money, popularity, peace of mind are the rewards for following a few easy steps, performed every day right after you brush your teeth or just before you turn out the light at night.

This simplification of our problems is quite understandable. It's part of being alive in 1957. For today we live in a scientific age of kitchen short cuts, miracle drugs and push buttons that do everything from rolling up the windows of our cars to setting off a hydrogen bomb. It's easy to believe, then, that even life itself can be reduced to a simple, time-saving equation.

Psychiatrists Aren't Magicians

Psychiatry is sometimes mistaken in our modern world for just another short cut that will wash out all the troubles of our lives as quickly as the latest detergent. Sometimes I get the impression that people believe psychiatrists are modern-day magicians who have some secret of happiness. But there are no quick, easy solutions to life's problems. Psychology has helped millions of people understand themselves better but psychology has no quick, sure short cut to happiness.

In the year I've been writing this column, I have received letters from readers from all over Canada. Some of the letters have come from the Yukon and other northern parts of our big empty land. Some are hand-written. Some are beautifully typed. Many of them come from people who are far away from adequate welfare, public-health and psychiatric services. Some of the people writing are not even within calling distance of a friendly neighbor.

More Questions Than Answers

Recently I made a lecture tour across Canada for the National Council of Jewish Women. After almost every lecture people came up to me with some problem. Just a few minutes' conversation with these people, or a casual glance over the pile of mail I've received during the last year with its heavy load of problems, sorrow and bewilderment, would be enough to convince anyone that there is no light, easy solution to all our problems, even in 1957.

For example, one letter comes from a woman who has a mentally defective child. There are no facilities for the care of such children until they are five or six years of age in most Canadian provinces. This mother is concerned about the future of her child but she is also worried about the effect he is having on his sisters and brothers and she feels guilty about the extra time and money she spends on this one child in comparison with the rest of the family. Then there is the woman who writes from an isolated farm. Her husband beats her and the children. But how can she leave him when there isn't even enough money to get to the next town and she has no way of earning a living, if she could get there? There is the woman who has lived for years with the knowledge that her husband is unfaithful to her. Yet she loves him and her children and she is torn between *Continued on page 44*



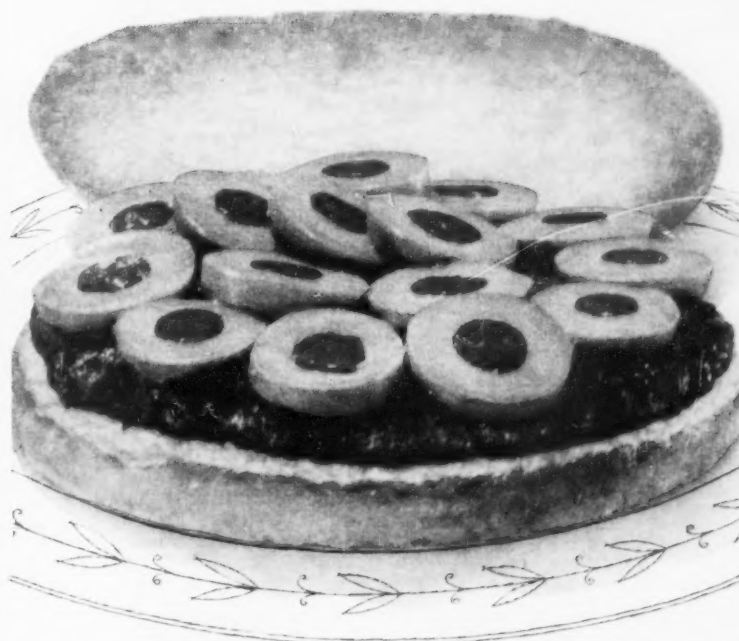
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a new taste

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And how do you like your toast?—honey colored or cinnamon brown? Set the colour control on the G-E Automatic Toaster for the exact shade you wish. In seconds, your toast pops up done to your taste.

See this great breakfast team at your dealer's soon! You'll want them both...automatically.



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AUTOMATIC
COFFEE MAKER and TOASTER

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

YOUR FIRST BABY

by Dr. Marion Hilliard

What does a young mother fear most?

*A famous Canadian doctor talks about
the poignant wonder of childbearing*

A HUNDRED times I have wakened in the still of a soundless night, wide awake and suddenly excited — and listening. A moment later, the phone rings. It is the hospital calling to tell me that one of my patients is ready to have her baby.

I've been an obstetrician and gynecologist for twenty-five years but a birth still seems to me the greatest treasure a life can know. The delivery room, coldly tiled and filled with stainless steel, is the pulse beat of all existence. There new lives begin, tiny humans who have never happened before. To be part of this is the most rewarding and completely worth-while part of my life.

The scene in a delivery room is especially moving when a baby is being born in the middle of the night. Outside in the darkness people are sleeping, but the delivery room is brilliant under the arc lights and filled with the concentration of a well-trained team focused on a single moment, the instant of birth. It holds a heightened sense of friendliness and tenderness rarely found elsewhere.

I want to address myself to women who are having their first baby. I think the qualities that enhance the act of giving life, the glory and greatness and pride of it, are especially glittering when a woman is carrying her first baby. The first has special fears of its own and special hazards, but it has special wonder too and a poignancy beyond all human experience.

I'm not a sentimentalist — women who refer to their infants as "bundles of love" appall me, frankly — but I'm grateful for the good judgment I had as a medical student to have chosen obstetrics. Obstetricians have the opportunity, rare in medicine, of treating the whole life of a patient rather than just the health. A surgeon participates in a single dramatic moment *Continued on page 46*





Go With the Lovely Ladies, Susie

Susie couldn't live with Mother and Daddy any more. So they sent her to live with the lovely ladies but Susie kept running away. She was a trouble . . . such a trouble . . . everyone said

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl and her name was Susie. Her mother was telling her that story, but the story (she'd heard it many times) never ended like the fairy tales—in fact it had no end at all.

"Susie can't live with Mother and Daddy because they are separated . . ." *You separate eggs. Her mother and father were eggs.* ". . . so she has to board with a lovely lady who takes care of little girls like Susie."

Susie didn't want to live with a lovely lady; she wanted to live with her own mother.

Her mother opened her eyes very wide. "But Susie keeps running away! Six times in one month! Isn't that a terrible thing to do?" *Susie was a trouble . . . such a trouble . . .*

Her mother's voice trembled. Oh, it would be awful if she cried. She didn't look pretty when she cried. Her eyes puffed up and she had to keep blowing her nose. But she didn't cry when they went to court, you bet. Oh my, no. She was mad then. Susie's father was mad too. They shouted at each other and grabbed at Susie and pulled and tugged until she screamed and cried and the judge banged on the table with a wooden hammer. "I'm no Solomon!" he cried. "Do you want me to cut her in half?"

Susie didn't want to be cut in half. She hid under the table and the judge said, "Shame, shame," to her mother and father.

Her father had given her a Teddy bear. He was only one month old, but Susie had hugged him so much that he was all flat and ragged. Right now he lay on the floor of the cab. He had slid off Susie's lap and she'd let him lie; she didn't want her mother to think she cared. Her mother had given her a locket on a thin golden chain. When Susie kept running away her mother had had her name and address engraved on the back of the locket.

"Now this home," her mother was saying, "is different. This home is in the country and Susie will love every bit of it . . . the trees . . . the flowers . . . not like our apartment in town . . . and Mother will come to see Susie as often as possible—isn't that nice?"

Susie stared at the tips of her round little shoes. There was a lump in her throat. It would be awful if she got sick. She couldn't eat her oatmeal. It had gagged down her throat and bubbled right out into her plate and her mother had said, "Oh oh oh!"

"I don't know what I'll do if you run away again, Susie. I just don't know what I'll do!"

Susie's hand crept toward her throat where the golden chain lay and her tight little fist closed around the locket. Inside the locket was a picture of her father and mother. Whenever Susie got lonely or frightened she opened the

Continued on page 48

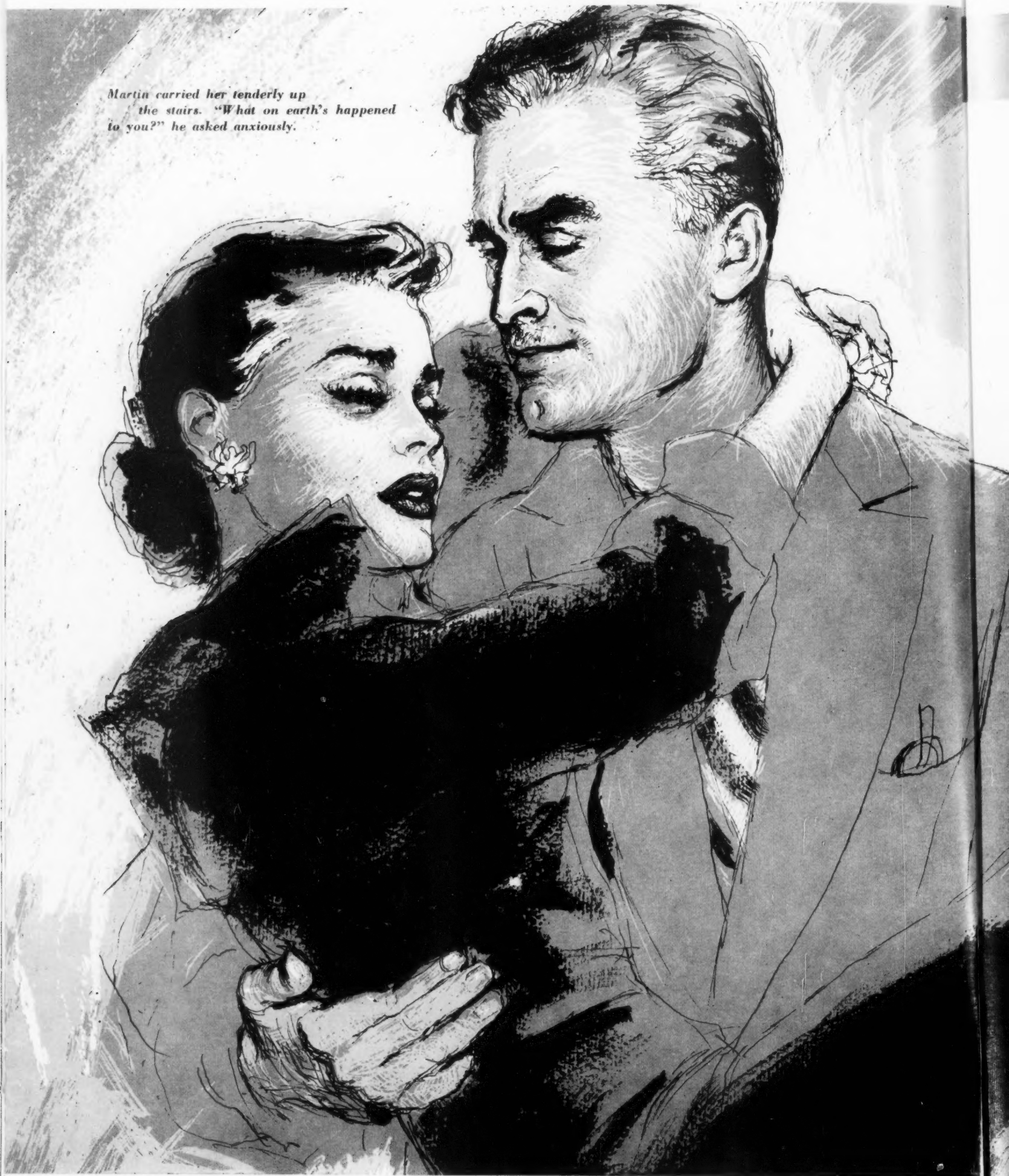
By Adeline Attwood

Illustrated by Ken Dallison

"This is Susie . . . she runs away," her mother said to this new lady.



*Martin carried her tenderly up
the stairs. "What on earth's happened
to you?" he asked anxiously.*



Imagine! At her age!

SHE accepted the diagnosis quietly. It was certainly not an overwhelming surprise.

"I suppose this will make a difference in your plans?" Ran Wells enquired, as friend and doctor.

"I haven't been able to do any thinking. I wanted to be sure."

"You'll sail right through it, Marian. You've a good body," he assured her.

"Good, but forty-two years old."

"It's better than some I see at twenty."

"Perhaps so, but at the moment the spirit is verging on eighty."

"That's not like you," he reproached her.

"I'll be all right when I get adjusted to the idea," she said, getting to her feet. "Do you still have your patients come in once a month?"

"Right. Make your appointment as you go out."

"At any rate the next one will be after the election and I shan't have to sneak in as if I were going to an abortionist."

"Good Lord, Marian!"

"You have to admit that it would be fairly embarrassing if the word got around just now. As a matter of fact," she said, managing a smile, "I half dread going out through the waiting room for fear of running into some pregnant friend who's campaigning for me."

"Why don't you just withdraw from the election?"

"Don't think I haven't considered it. But I can't. Too many of my friends are knocking themselves out for me."

It turned out that she knew no one in the waiting room, but the escape was narrow. At the building entrance she met Binnie Roland, the wife of one of Martin's assistants. Binnie was all of twenty-four and pregnant to the bursting point with her third.

"I was going to call to make sure you're still around," Marian told her.

"Still around, and spending every spare minute on the phone drumming up an audience for you tonight. The Hankins character has been spreading the word that you don't know anything about building schoolhouses. Plus all the old stuff about the university paying no taxes and loading the town with school children. We all want you to murder him tonight."

"You're sure you still want us to dinner?"

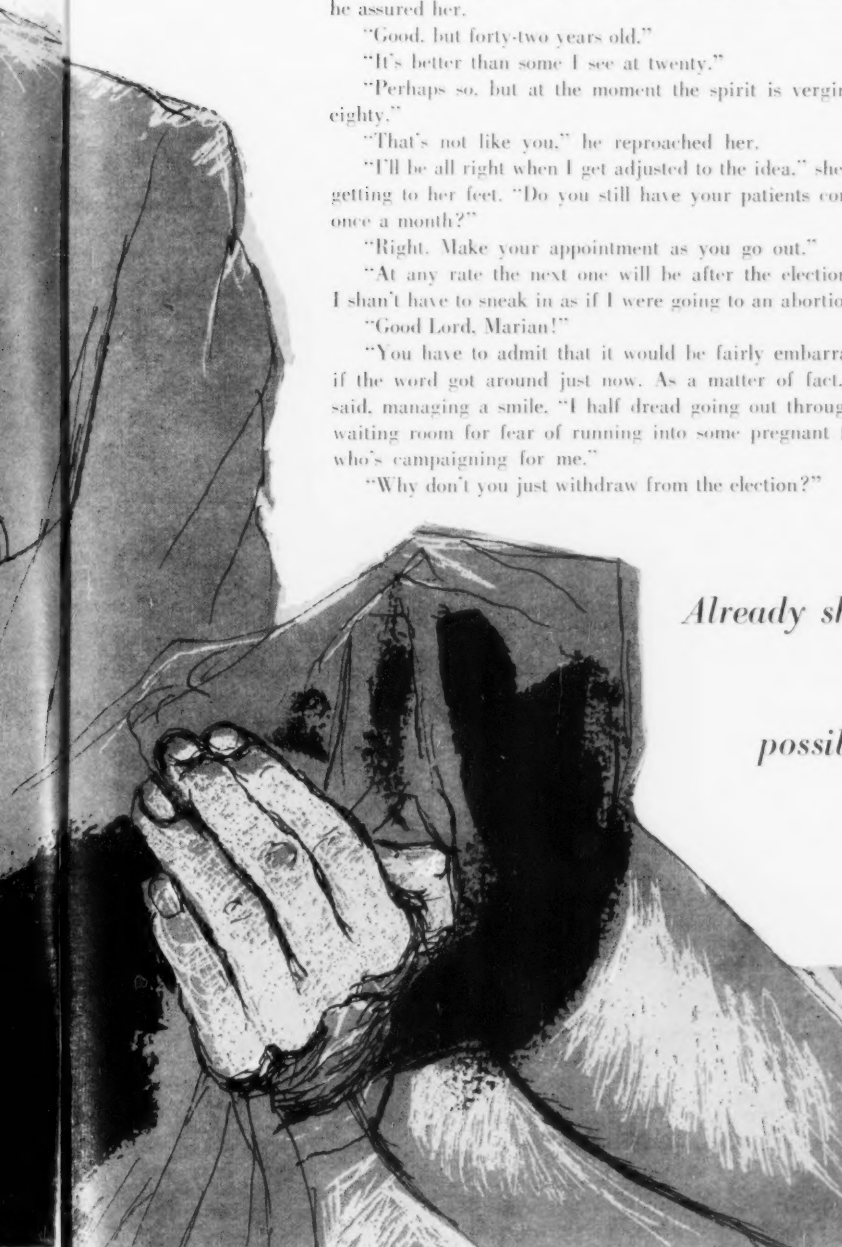
"Goodness, yes. I want to be the one to feed you and pin the colors on you before you meet the enemy tonight."

In the moment of leave-taking, Marian caught a clear reflection of herself in the angled window of a dress shop. As Ran Wells had said, it was a good body—tall, well boned, and correctly fleshed. But it had nonetheless begun to thicken a little in the middle, as bodies do in the course of time. Her hair, swirling neatly in a wide natural wave, was greying. Although good for her age, the chin line was no longer pure—the facial muscles had undeniably begun. *Continued on page 39*

*Already she could hear the whole town laughing and
whispering at the news. It was the worst
possible time for this to be happening to her*

BY AVIS CARLSON

Illustrated by Aileen Richardson





First, tempt him with that delicious smell . . .



And if he's a man who likes his food hearty then . . .

HOW TO COOK FOR A MAN

Pick your man out of the classes we've listed below, and then try our suggestions on him. And for single women, we've designed two special menus to tempt the man you haven't got—yet

BY ELAINE COLLETT *Director Chatelaine Institute*

THE HEARTY EATER

Does he call any meal without meat "a snack"? Is "the bigger the better" his motto for steaks?

Does he look dismayed at prunes and cheese on a leaf? Does he always say firmly "no dessert"—until he sees that apple pie?

Is he an incurable refrigerator raider?

It's probably no news to you that your man has a hearty appetite!

THE GOURMET

Does he like to eat out—and fussy about where?

Does he like sweetbreads, oysters and espresso coffee? Will he try anything new—even octopus—and does he turn up his nose at hamburgers?

Does he love to cook and has he his own specialties? Does he like wine with his meals?

Then go ahead and surprise him—he loves good food and new flavors.

THE HOME MAN

Would he rather eat home, always? Is he uncomfortable if you vary his meat-potatoes-vegetable-and-dessert routine?

Does he talk fondly of his mother's chocolate cake?

When you serve chili does he stick to bread and jam? Is he horrified at the idea of eating garlic or frog's legs?

Forget the frills and plan on making his plain favorites more interesting.



You can't miss if you serve him Veal Scallopini (recipe page 52)

THE CALORIE COUNTER

Has he gained more than ten pounds since your wedding day?

Has he lately given up golf and tennis?

Are "diet" and "exercise" his unfavorable words?

Here's how to make the foods he should eat appetizing and interesting for both of you.

YOUR FUTURE HUSBAND

You don't need a quiz to know if you want to marry him, but you may need some help in cooking a meal that will make him want to keep on eating with you all his life. Relax, and stick to what you know you cook well. Choose dishes that don't need split-second timing. Keep the setting simple . . .

. . . And let him concentrate on you and the wonderful meal you made *just for him*.

Recipes for men,
including the
Veal Scallopini
above,
start on page 52

CHATELAIN'S 1957 HOLIDAY GUIDE

Beginning here, page after page to help you plan your trip—where to go and how to get there this month or this summer

	See Page
Canada	18
U.S.A.	20
Caribbean, Mexico, South America ..	21
Europe	22
Hawaii, Japan	23
When I Travel . . . by five Canadian women	26
How to Choose Your New Luggage .	28
Travel Without Tears	30
A Capsule Wardrobe to Take You Anywhere	34
Beauty Tricks for the Woman Who Travels	36



Don't be

• There is probably no more touching or baffling sight than the face of a tourist, her face glowing with the indirect light of false victory, when she announces to a friend that she has found a place (this is always a little place) that has not been spoiled by tourists. It has always seemed to me that this self-conscious quest by tourists for restaurants, beaches and villages that haven't been found and consequently "spoiled" by other tourists carries in its own little victories the corrosive seeds of its own defeat.

In other words, how can a tourist inhabit a place and still keep it untouched by tourists, the only condition on which it is attractive to her? The answer is of course that tourists, to many a tourist, are always someone else, probably from Duluth.

Look at them this summer in any of the busy junctions around the world. By their nylon dresses and Dacron shirts you shall know them, at least the ones who come from Canada. It isn't hard to pick them out; you can identify them even without the camera knocking like an unruly pendulum at the side. They can pick each other out instantly, almost as quickly as a porter or a waiter can. The only tourists they can't recognize are themselves. Tourists are always someone else because somehow the word tourist has, quite illogically and I think unfortunately, become debased like the word politician.

To all of you who this year are going to pack your lightweight, easy-to-wash-and-iron dresses, take your shots, your camera and go traveling, I say don't be afraid to be a tourist. When I travel, and I have traveled quite a bit, I slip on the role of tourist with the same frankness that I favor low-heeled shoes for sight-seeing. After all, who am I trying to fool? Surely not that sharp-eyed little waiter leaning against a pillar who had us tabbed, taped





afraid to be a tourist

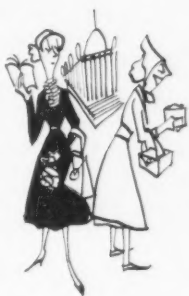
BY JEAN PIERS

and assessed down to size of our tip the moment we walked in. Let's face it, I look like a tourist, I feel like a tourist, I act like a tourist and I *am* a tourist.

And what's more I enjoy it better that way. Nearly everywhere I've traveled the people of the country have been glad to see us tourists. To be sure they have been conditioned by a propaganda campaign which, even in Canada, seems to threaten to turn simple hospitality into a business. But for the most part people, wherever you are, are pleased and complimented that you chose their country to visit. Even such old pros as tour guides will respond to your delight and enthusiasm to a degree that has nothing to do with the fee. And wherever you go people are likely to be uninformed about Canada but as anxious to know about it as you are to know about their country. Just remember to be very patient, keep your voice low and ladylike, when you get to that part where you explain that we are *North Americans* not Americans.

Don't be afraid to ask questions. Of course, the first time you ask for directions in Rome the man you ask will almost surely have arrived that morning from Des Moines or Padua and is a stranger in town himself. But don't give up; there are bound to be some Romans around. And they'll likely end up escorting you personally to your destination.

The pages of this special issue are jammed with useful information to help make your holiday a happy one and I'm not going to anticipate any of it. What I've tried to do here and in the few random suggestions I have left over is to prepare you mentally and emotionally for a trip. I know it's not easy to turn off a job or family cares like one of those little lights over your seat in an airplane, but I think you can deliberately do a great deal to clear your mind for fun. Having decided to be a

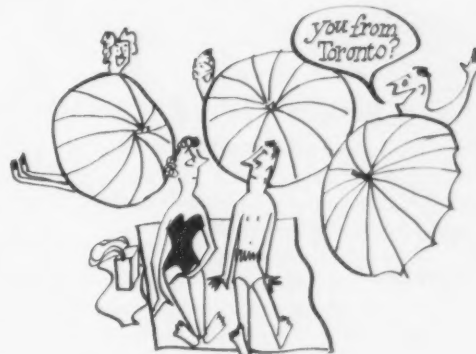


tourist, be a full-time one. Probably the most serious thing that is happening at home is that they are worrying a little about whether or not you are worrying about them — which seems a waste of time for all of you.

And when I urge you to be a full-time tourist, I'm talking more about your attitude than your arches. Even great art is subject to the inexorable law of diminishing returns. You can't see it all and the more you try to see the less you are going to retain as a bright, significant memory to illuminate the days to come.

And don't lose heart if you are unlucky enough to encounter a reverse in the form of a hotel that was less than good, a reservation that came apart or a semiofficial brigand who fleeced you. There are some people, even in our own country, who regard tourists with the greedy leer of a man taking aim at fish in a barrel. After you have been trimmed like an ornamental hedge by one of these rascals, your honest inclination is to break off diplomatic relations with the whole country. Don't do it. The chances are, of course, that you won't hit any such bumps in the road along the way, particularly if you have made your arrangements carefully with reputable agencies, if you have followed the kind of advice we have for you in the succeeding pages of this issue. And remember most of the people you are going to meet are either trained to help you or they are just that way naturally.

So try on your low-heeled shoes for size but before you take a step I suggest you have a good long look at Chatelaine's 1957 Holiday Guide on the pages which follow.



Continued on next page



Six full pages to help you plan your next big trip to
wherever your heart or budget may lead . . . from Oahu
to Barcelona to Banff . . . and since there's no place
like home, begin on these pages with your rediscovery of Canada

BY JEANNINE LOCKE

TAKE A MOUNTAIN HOLIDAY FOR SCENERY OR SKIING

For a mountain holiday, it's hard to beat the combination of spring- or summertime and the Rockies. Banff and Jasper national parks are world-famous, not only for spectacular scenery but also for a trio of railway hotels, almost as monumental as the mountains. Daily rates begin at about \$14. For the overflow there's plenty of alternate accommodation from \$2.25 up. Write the federal Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources for a booklet called Accommodation in Canada's National Parks.

And don't forget that, although the season ends for the luxury hotels in September, the slopes and chalets are year-round for outdoor

enthusiasts. There's an incline in the Rockies for every stage of skiing competence, plus lifts, tows, schools and persistent snow.

In the Gatineau and Laurentian regions of Quebec are the shrines of skiers from northeastern North America. The area boasts, besides "the longest season and the best snow," a variety of accommodation from pensions to luxury lodges, all with French cuisine and easily accessible by car, plane or train from Montreal or Ottawa.

If you don't like high places or hairpin turns, a motor trip through the Gatineau and Laurentian mountains in the autumn is custom-built for you. The maples are afire and you needn't climb to notice them.

WE SUGGEST: FIVE CANADIAN CRUISES

No matter where you live, in Saskatoon or St. John's, you're within comfortable traveling distance of a shipboard vacation. The following five are only a sampling of the many cruise services operating in Canadian waters during the summer season.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Nine-day cruise aboard the S.S. Chilcotin from Vancouver to Alaska and the Yukon using the Inside Passage Route and stopping at Prince Rupert, Juneau, Skagway, Wrangell, Ketchikan, Kiti-mat and Butedale. Fares start at \$235, including meals (all fares mentioned are inclusive and apply to adults). The service operates between June and September. For booking, write well in advance to Union Steamships Ltd., Union Pier, Foot of Carrall Street, Vancouver. For information about the variety of steamer trips that crisscross the Pacific coast, write the B. C. Travel Bureau, Victoria.

MANITOBA: Six-day, six-hundred-mile round trip on Lake Winnipeg aboard the S.S. Keenora which sails every Monday between June and October from Selkirk docks (twenty-three miles north of Winnipeg). The fare, including a side trip down the Nelson River to Norway House, historic Hudson's Bay Co. post, is \$65. Make reservations early with the Selkirk Navigation Co., Ltd., Selkirk, Man.

ONTARIO: Five-day cruise on the Upper Great Lakes, from Owen Sound to Sault Ste. Marie, with time ashore at Killarney and Manitoulin Island and a trip through the Soo Canal. Fare aboard the S.S. Norgoma is \$65. First cruise of the season leaves the Owen Sound docks on the first Monday of June; the season ends the last week of September. For information about this and other cruises in the same area, write the Owen Sound Transportation Co., Owen Sound.

QUEBEC: Six-day cruise up the St. Lawrence and Saguenay rivers aboard the S.S. Richelieu from Montreal to Chicoutimi with stopovers at Quebec, Murray Bay, Tadoussac and Chicoutimi. Fares begin at \$139.50. The service operates between the third week of June and the first week of September. For reservations, write early to Canada Steamship Lines, 759 Victoria Square, Montreal, or see their local representative.

NEWFOUNDLAND: Seven-day cruise from St. John's to Corner Brook aboard the S.S. Northern Ranger. The ship puts in at a dozen south-coast ports and villages. Fare is \$73.75. The season opens the third week of June; ends the third week of October. Mainland connections are by ferry between North Sydney, N.S., and Port-aux-Basques; from there, by CNR coach to St. John's. For ferry, train and ship accommodations, book well in advance with Canadian National Railways.



... share the tranquil beauty of Peggy's Cove, N.S.

HERE'S OUR PICK OF THE PARKS

With twenty-nine national parks to pick from (in all provinces except Quebec and Newfoundland), Canadians have every opportunity to get acquainted with the outdoors in whatever state or style they most admire. For detailed information write the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources, Ottawa. Meanwhile, to whet your appetite, here's Chatelaine's pick of the parks.

PRINCE ALBERT: 1,196 square miles of wilderness, cut by a waterway of hundreds of connected lakes, in the centre of Saskatchewan. Park headquarters and every civilized convenience are at Waskesiu, 66 miles north of Prince Albert and the nearest railway station and about 350 miles, over Highway 2, from Regina. Bus and Saskatchewan Government Airways service from Prince Albert is daily.

CAPE BRETON HIGHLANDS: 390 square miles of tableland rising, sometimes sheerly, 1,700 feet from the sea, in the northern part of Cape Breton Island, N.S. The park is encircled by the Cabot Trail, one of the most spectacularly scenic highways on the Atlantic coast. Get there from the Nova Scotia mainland on Highway 1, or by CNR as far as Little Bras d'Or or by TCA to Sydney, thence by bus.

WHAT'S GOING ON IN CANADIAN CITIES

Let's face it: the great outdoors isn't for everyone. For those who are uneasy out of range of a telephone or get enough outdoors during the rest of the year, a city vacation is a profitable way to spend two weeks with pay. Aside from well-known sporting events, let's see what our cities offer.

If you want to discover your own country, you can't do better than begin with the cities and towns of the Maritime Provinces. They're chock-ablock with history and historians and, after museum hours, there's sea food from the source and harness racing under lights.

In Montreal and Quebec City an old-world atmosphere is combined with the neon of the new. Good food and gaiety are never out of season. The two-week Quebec Winter Carnival is a January event.

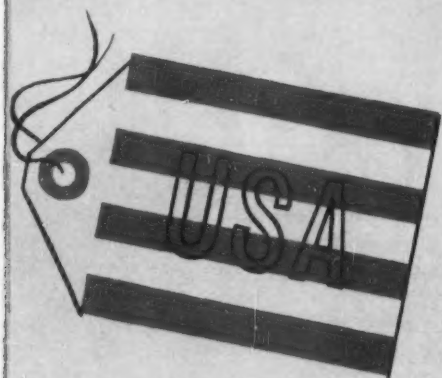
Contrary to popular belief, there's more for tourists in Toronto than Maple Leaf Gardens and the Happy Gang. It's the centre of Canadian show business and favored stop for itinerant entertainers, as well as the scene of the Canadian National Exhibition (last week in August through to the first week in September) and the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair in mid-November. Between mid-June and mid-August, Stratford, Ont., ninety miles from Toronto by train, is the setting for the Shakespearean Festival. In Ottawa the Houses of Parliament are permanently on display and, in mid-May, the biggest turnout of tulips in North America.

Among the prairie cities, Calgary gets the lion's share of visitors for the Stampede which annually follows the fourth of July. For the hardy, there's the Trappers' Festival at The Pas in mid-February.

Vancouver's Theatre Under The Stars operates in Stanley Park from June to mid-August. Then the Pacific Coast National Exhibition, beginning the last week in August, runs through to Labor Day.

continued on next page

CHATELAINE'S HOLIDAY GUIDE



Head south to the glitter
of Broadway
... to salt-fresh Maine
... or pale Miami sands



Manhattan towers by night.

NEW ENGLAND FOR CHARM

If you like antiques, lovingly prepared sea food and air-conditioned summer weather, if you prefer the picturesque to the spectacular, colonial New England is your U. S. vacation paradise. The ideal way to get there is by motor trip through upper New York State, Vermont, Maine and so to Massachusetts. If you have less time and like your vacations ready-wrapped, the CNR has a six-day tour which takes you from Montreal to Boston, then to Plymouth, Woods Hole, Martha's Vineyard island, Cape Cod and back to Montreal for \$106, rooms and meals included. Or if you want to waste no time getting to the seashore, take TCA to Boston (\$57.50 return, from Toronto). Book early for the summer season and don't forget that the New England fall is justifiably famous but out-of-season for tourists and therefore inexpensive.

FLORIDA FOR RIGHT NOW

For all its uniformity of sunlight, sand and blue sea, Florida attracts a diversity of tourist types. Miami, on the southern seaboard, is for those who like to stay up late. Hillsboro Inlet and Port Everglades are for fisherfolk who like to get up early. In central Florida and the west coast—from White Springs to Sebring, Sarasota to Key West—the tourist is the "winter guest" and allowed to enjoy the fishing, golf, boating and swimming without razzle-dazzle. You can fly, TCA, to Tampa (\$126, round trip from Toronto) or to Miami (\$117). By CNR to Philadelphia, then by Seaboard Railway to Miami, return, first class, is \$126.05.

If you'd like a luxury vacation at popular prices, try Florida in the summer. TCA has a variety of package holidays to fancy Florida resorts that start as low as \$19 per summer week. Add on the cost of your flight to New York (\$15.60 from Toronto), then to Miami by National Airlines (\$14).

NEW YORK FOR GLAMOUR

More people sight-see in New York than in any other place on earth because, New Yorkers will tell you, the greatest assortment of sights worth seeing is there. Certainly this city has a vast capacity for entertaining its visitors—so vast, in fact, as to engulf the unprepared. First visitors who try to take in everything are likely to return home, exhausted, without having accumulated a single sharp impression. A New York holiday needs to be planned; otherwise, your feet and traveler's cheques may give out ahead of your departure time.

You might begin by writing the New York Convention & Visitors' Bureau, Inc., Dept. FC, 90 E. 42nd St., New York 17, for a free copy of a quarterly calendar of events (including special activities for children). Then, at least a month ahead of your visit, write for tickets to Broadway shows, always giving alternate dates. The same applies to free tickets to TV shows.

Once you're there, you'll be wise to buy a good street guide along with your first batch of postcards. Unless you plan your daily itinerary with some regard for geography, you'll put great strains on your disposition in New York's turgid traffic.

Leave enough time between such typical tourist stops as the Empire State Building, Radio City and Saks for your own discovery of New York. Depending on your own enthusiasms, you may be most satisfied by exploring the waterfront of the world's greatest seaport, or Washington Square South which once held the nation's greatest artistic talent, or a patch of Central Park's 340 acres of cherished greenery. And devote a substantial chunk of time and budget to food. More than half of New York's eight million inhabitants are of foreign birth or descent. Their overseas influence has made New York the most exciting place for people who love to eat. Consult your visitors' guide to restaurants (it comes with your calendar of events) before you get accustomed to Schrafft's.

No woman ever visited New York without going shopping. And New York is not an easy place to shop in simply because of the completeness of its stocks. The specialty shops which New Yorkers take for granted (such as A. Klein on Union Square, shrine of bargain hunters, or L. Brogan, custom outfitter of children) can send a first-timer out of her mind. Sensibly she won't take her husband with her. In New York, she needn't worry about whether he can find something to do.

CALIFORNIA—SOMETHING NEW

If you can't decide the kind of holiday you want, go to California. The State Chamber of Commerce (350 Bush Street, San Francisco 4) happens to have an almost endless stock of vacation paradises. There's Palm Springs with its 540 swimming pools. Or you may be in the mood for Monterey which looks and behaves like the French Riviera. Then there are the high quiet lakes like Tahoe and the rugged Coastal Range. If you don't like ranches, complete with cacti, maybe you'll enjoy abalone spearing in Santa Barbara. And if Los Angeles doesn't appeal to you, you're sure to love San Francisco. To get there in a hurry, fly American Airlines, via Chicago to San Francisco (\$210, air coach, from Toronto). For comprehensive coverage, not only of California but of a large chunk of continent in between, enquire about the CNR's twenty-one-day circle tour, taking you from Toronto to Los Angeles, via Vancouver, and home again through Chicago, for \$289, coach class, including hotel and sight-seeing costs.

ISLANDS OF THE CARIBBEAN

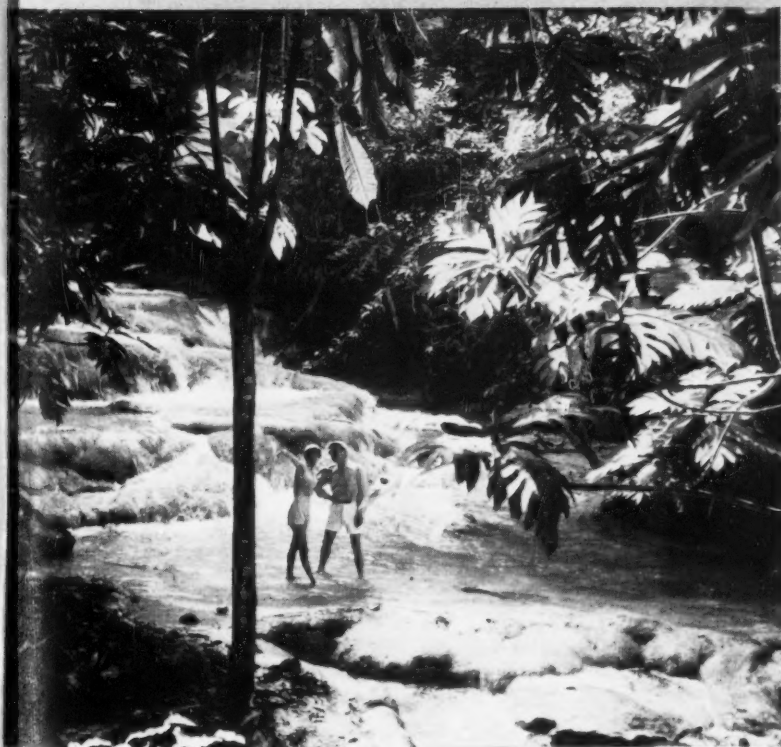
Warmer and closer than continental Europe, the islands of the Caribbean offer some of the same old-world flavor to North American senses. The influence of Spain is strong on some. Over other sugar-and-spice islands, the flags of France, Britain and the Netherlands still wave. But none is merely a displaced fragment of Europe. Everywhere the old-world atmosphere is thickened by the tropics. Each island is immensely individualistic.

There's Haiti, the world's only Negro, French-speaking republic, where you can hear voodoo drums from your \$30-a-day hotel. Next door, Jamaica is calm and colonial in the British manner. And Cuba, if you stay in Havana, nourishes its Latin temperament in Miami-type nightclubs.

These are only the biggest tourist islands. To Trinidad and the top of South America, the islands are strung like stepping stones. Air travel allows you to island-hop in search of bargains and your preference in beaches. Pan-American takes a circle route from New York to San Juan, Puerto Rico, then west through the Dominican Republic to Haiti, from Haiti to Jamaica, to Cuba, then Miami and back to New York, with stopover privileges all the way, for \$212. TCA flies as far south as Trinidad (\$310) with stopovers permitted at Bermuda and Barbados. Its other combination of islands is Nassau and Jamaica for \$227. Or if you'll settle for one island at a time, Bermuda is closest and cheapest (\$127). All fares listed are tourist.

If your time schedule is flexible take one of the Vagabond cruises on a cargo ship operated spring, summer and fall to Bermuda, West Indies and British Guiana by Canadian National Steamships. Return trip to British Guiana takes about thirty-five days, starts at Montreal, ends at Saint John or Halifax, and costs about \$550. Ships carry twelve passengers and have no fixed itinerary. See your Canadian National Railways agent or write Canadian National Steamships, Montreal.

... a carefree haven amid Jamaican palms.



Take a lazy cruise or island-hop by plane for
bargain vacations in the Caribbean sun
... and on to romantic Mexico

SOUTH AMERICA BY FREIGHTER

A Grand Tour of Latin America is an unlikely item to find on a Canadian travel budget. Mexico and the islands of the Caribbean are about as far as migratory Canadians go south in winter. Yet South America can be added on without much upset to route or budget. If you have plenty of time, see the Caribbean, plus a large chunk of South America, at small expense by freighter. The International Freighting Corporation is one of many lines operating passenger service on its cargo ships south. Buenos Aires is the end of the line, New York the beginning. The round trip takes about sixty days. Fares start at \$295. Write Kerr Steamships Ltd., IFC's agent, at 192 Bay Street, Toronto. Or, if you're in a hurry, go by air and combine Mexico with South America. CPA flies as far as Buenos Aires (\$397.60, tourist from Toronto) with stopovers permitted at Lima, Peru, and Mexico City.

MEXICO FOR SILVER AND SUN

Even if you aren't a travel-folder addict, you'll find the ones on Mexico irresistible. Just a list of Mexican place names—Acapulco, Vera Cruz, Xochimilco, Cuernavaca—is sufficient to set romantics to dreaming about a holiday south of the Rio Grande. Add some pictures—views of the morning beach at Acapulco, the volcano Popocatepetl or the mountain village of Taxco—and the most listless traveler points in the direction of the Gulf of Mexico.

If any tourist has ever been disappointed in Mexico, he hasn't talked about it. This is one country, travelers agree, that is as romantic in reality as the travel folders made it out to be. So don't waste precious vacation time getting there. Fly nonstop CPA, to Mexico City. Tourist class is \$190 from Toronto; first class, \$251.60. Don't forget your passport, Mexican tourist card (get it from a Mexican consulate or CPA for \$3) and certificate of small-pox vaccination.

Women, traveling alone, are sensible to attach themselves to a tour. Enquire with CPA about its use of Cook's services in Mexico. One of the best package tours (known as CCP3 around CPA) allows for eleven days in Mexico, five of them at the Pacific resort of Acapulco, the remainder in and around Mexico City, and costs about \$150. But budget also for a shopping spree. Mexico has devalued its currency in recent years (you get 12½ pesos for every dollar now where formerly it was 8) and even before devaluation, Mexican silver and leather goods were especially good buys.

Continued on next page—



For you too . . . the Paris of Dior, the Folies, Eiffel Tower.

CHATELAINE'S HOLIDAY GUIDE



Once "for millionaires only" today it's just a hop and a jump for any tourist

CENTRAL EUROPE BY CAR

If your ideal holiday involves independence of all schedules, including train and plane, don't settle for less in Europe. European car hire is now so well organized that you can arrange right at home for a car to meet you at any airport or dockside in Europe. From there, you're on your own, free to discover Europe according to your own taste. Here's one route, guaranteed to be rewarding, that takes you through central Europe. Geneva is the starting point because of its location—almost equidistant (under 600 miles) from Paris,

Rome, Vienna and Barcelona. Draw a line from Geneva through Montreux, Interlaken, Zurich, Munich, Innsbruck, Berchtesgaden, Salzburg, Vienna, Velden, Rimini, Rome, Siena, Florence, Genoa, Nice, Avignon, Carcassonne, Barcelona, Burgos, San Sebastian, Bordeaux, Tours and Paris. The cost of your rented car can be as low as \$19 a week, plus six cents per kilometre with gasoline extra, oil and insurance included. The longer you want the car, the lower the basic rate. Ask your travel agent here in Canada for details.

DE LUXE CRUISE TO SPAIN

One of the most effective ways to hurry spring is a twenty-eight-day Iberian-North Africa de luxe cruise in the S.S. Ryndam, due to sail from New York April 25. First port of call is Ponta Delgada, the Azores. The rest of the romantic names on the Ryndam's itinerary are Funchal (Madeira), Casablanca, Málaga (Spain), Lisbon, Southampton, Le Havre and Rotterdam. Cruise passengers may terminate the trip at any of the last three ports and arrange return sailing dates on other Holland-America Line vessels. Rates begin at \$575. The Holland-America Line has offices in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver. The Cunard Steam-Ship Company also offers luxury cruises to Europe. Its liner Britannic sails from New York for the Mediterranean January 25, carefully avoiding Middle Eastern trouble spots. Rates begin at \$1,275. For details, see your Cunard representative.

FAMOUS FESTIVALS OF EUROPE

BRITAIN: Glyndebourne Opera Festival, mid-June through summer in Sussex; Royal National Eisteddfod, August 5 to 10, Llangefni, Wales; Shakespeare season, early spring to December 1, Stratford-on-Avon; Edinburgh International Festival, from mid-August to first week in September.

FRANCE: Cannes Film Festival, opens May 2.

SWITZERLAND: International Festival of Music, three weeks, mid-August to early September, Lucerne; Swiss Industries Fair, April 27 to May 7, Basel.

AUSTRIA: Salzburg Music Festival, third week in July to end of August.

DENMARK: Music and Ballet Festival, May 17 to 31, Copenhagen.

GREAT BRITAIN FROM LONDON'S HUB

The ancient Romans liked Britain so much they stayed for four hundred years. Twentieth-century travelers have trouble, too, tearing themselves away. For although Britain is just a fair-sized island, even as islands go, it provides an assortment of holiday settings that even the natives can't sample in a lifetime. And all of them are easy and inexpensive to get to. London, despite its position deep in the southeast corner, is a convenient touring centre. An hour's drive from the capital in any direction brings you into the heart of the countryside. As for seaside resorts, they're never more than seventy miles away, wherever you may be in Britain. So plan your holiday to make the very most of the tidy facts of British geography. The most economical way to get around is by rail-

way. Buy a thrift tour or guest ticket from the British and Irish Railways, 69 Yonge Street, Toronto, BEFORE you go (they can't be bought on the other side) and travel up to 1,000 miles anywhere in Britain and Ireland for \$30, first-class, over a six-month period; for nine days of unlimited travel, pay \$36. How you choose to travel to Britain depends more on the number of days than traveler's cheques at your disposal. Airline 15-day excursion fares from Toronto to London start at \$416, return. One-way steamship fares start at about \$160. And don't forget the almost infinite number of passenger-carrying cargo boats plying between Montreal and British ports. Freight fares begin at about \$150, one-way. Information is at your nearest railway station.

GRAND TOUR—1957 STYLE

Gone are the days of the leisurely Grand Tour. But with mid-twentieth-century air transport, today's traveler can see more of Europe in a couple of weeks than many turn-of-the-century tourists saw in a full year. The secret is the expansive range of stopovers allowed by all airlines. They'll tailor a stopover itinerary to fit precisely your travel time and budget. TCA, for example, gives you blanket coverage of Europe for the same price as a direct flight to Rome. Using an assortment of lines, but the same TCA ticket, you can fly from Toronto to Rome and home again via London, Brussels, Amsterdam, Dusseldorf, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Göteborg, Stockholm, Frankfurt and Geneva. Or you can fly from Toronto to Rome via Shannon, Dublin, London, Amsterdam, Brussels, Paris, Madrid, Barcelona, Milan and Nice. The airlines' variety of itineraries is almost as endless as combinations of phone numbers. So before you plan your trip to Europe investigate all the routes and stopovers an airline ticket entitles you to; you'll find that you can increase the length of your stay without waiting to fatten your budget.

If your travel-time budget can't be stretched beyond fifteen days, be consoled by the new excursion rates. Providing the time between your arrival on the other side and your return to Canada doesn't exceed fifteen days, you can travel at excursion rates, no matter the time of the year. Your ticket to Rome from Toronto, for example, costs \$580.10, tourist, at excursion rates. The same ticket, valid for a year, is \$677.10.

The West Coast isn't as far from Europe as it used to be. The CPA flight, over the pole, from Vancouver to Amsterdam, costs \$389, tourist, one-way. If you're planning a trip with your family, take advantage of the family fare plans offered by most airlines. Family fares between Toronto and Rome, tourist, by TCA, are full price for only the husband. The wife and children between the ages of twelve and twenty-five travel for \$177.10 each. Half fare applies to children older than two and up to twelve.

And as if these bargains weren't enough incentive to a Grand Tour, 1957 style, there are the fly-now pay-later plans for you to investigate.

SCANDINAVIA IN WINTER

A winter vacation in the Scandinavian countries is not exclusively for ski-toting tourists. Besides being strewn with fashionable resorts offering a variety of winter sports, both Norway and Sweden provide a field day for fans of modern architecture and connoisseurs of glass, silver and fine food. Across the way, in Copenhagen, "the Paris of the North," are some of the biggest, smartest and least expensive night clubs in the world. And in all the Scandinavian countries, hospitality, like neatness, is a national virtue.

To get there in winter by boat, take a Swedish-American Line ship sailing from New York via Halifax. The minimum fare to Stockholm is \$193 (one-way) in off-season; to Copenhagen, \$205. Scandinavian Airlines has a fifteen-day excursion rate of \$572.10, Toronto to Stockholm via New York. A tourist ticket, valid for a year, and permitting stopovers galore, costs \$669.10.



... famed Okesa folk dancers on the island of Sado.



Everything's up-to-date in Tokyo
and on the beach at Waikiki

THE UNMYSTERIOUS EAST

Tourists who dislike foreign flavor full-strength no longer need to shy away from the Orient. In consequence of the American occupation, everything's up-to-date—pretty well—in Tokyo. Eating and sleeping come western as well as local style. When you're tired of shopping for kimonos with golden dragons on the Ginza or visiting shrines and temples, you can always go to a ball game.

Similarly, Hawaii comes equipped with super-drugstores and singing commercials, as well as *leis* and *alohas*. You need a guide-interpreter on Oahu about as badly as in Miami.

If you want to see the rest of the South Pacific without inconvenience—indeed, in luxury—the Matson Line offers a 12-day cruise from San Francisco to Los Angeles, Honolulu, Samoa, Fiji, Auckland, Sydney, Wellington, Tahiti, Hawaii and home for as low as \$1,135. The same line operates between the mainland and Hawaii (\$220 round trip minimum). American President liners cruise to Yokohama (14 days, \$1,020 minimum round trip) and Hong Kong (21 days, \$1,300). Canadian Pacific Airlines' 30-day flying tour of the Pacific takes in Japan, Hong Kong, Thailand, Singapore and Johore, Australia, New Zealand, Fiji Islands and Hawaii and costs \$1,997 minimum from Toronto, including meals, hotels, etc., en route.

SLOW BOAT TO THE ORIENT

If a fast flight or a luxury cruise doesn't appeal to you, there are always cargo-carrying freighters that will also transport you to far-away places. The Matson and American President Lines (mentioned above) operate freighter service, as well as luxury liners, across the South Pacific. One-way to Yokohama, with stops at ports in between, costs \$375 by American President cargo ships. Matson freighters from Pacific coast ports to Hawaii take passengers for \$160 one-way. The United States Lines will take you by freighter from New York, via the Panama Canal and Tahiti, to Australia in about five weeks for \$525. Freighters, like passenger liners, include meals in the price of tickets. For detailed information about passenger-carrying freighters, write Harian Publications, Department K9, Greenlawn, N.Y., for a book of Travel Routes Around The World (\$1). ♦

CHATELAINE MEALS OF THE MONTH

January

Make your mealtime planning easier this
New Year—before you shop or cook
check the daily menu ideas on this page

BREAKFAST		LUNCHEON OR SUPPER		DINNER		BREAKFAST		LUNCHEON OR SUPPER		DINNER	
TUE 1	Apricot and Pineapple Juice Corn Flakes, Sliced Bananas Toasted Crumpets Jam Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Scotch Broth Cream Cheese and Jelly Sandwiches Rennet Pudding Milk Tea	Roast Turkey Giblet Gravy Cranberry Sauce Fluffy Potatoes Candied Yams Peas Molded Fruit	SUN 20	Apricot and Orange Juice Hot Cereal Baked Finnan Haddie Crumpets Jelly Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Oyster Stew Crackers Fruit Jelly Raisin Squares Tea	Baked Ham Spiced Peaches Noodles Buttered Turnip Apple Crisp Macaroons Coffee Tea				
WED 2	Orange Juice Creamy Eggs Toast Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Baked Beans Boston Brown Bread Preserved Peaches Sugar Cookies Tea	Baked Pork Chop Riced Potatoes Creamed Onions Green Salad Ice Cream Fruit Cake Coffee Tea	MON 21	Tangerine Juice French Toast Syrup Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Chicken and Rice Soup Crackers Cottage Cheese and Spiced Peach Salad Butterscotch Pudding	Cold Baked Ham Hot Potato Salad Broccoli Raw Relishes Cheese Biscuits Apricot Dumplings Coffee Tea				
THU 3	Baked Apples Broiled Sausage Corn-meal Muffins Honey Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Vegetable Croquettes Cheese Sauce Caramel Pudding Cookies Tea	Turkey Pot Pie (leftover turkey) Broccoli Fruit Chocolate Cake Coffee Tea	TUE 22	Orange Juice Candy-coated Puffed Wheat Soft-cooked Egg Jam Toasted Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Ham and Noodle Casserole Molded Cabbage Salad Stewed Prunes Cookies Milk Tea	Liverwurst Loaf Tomato Sauce Whipped Potatoes Squash Banana Cream Pie Coffee Tea				
FRI 4	Cranberry Juice Hot Oatmeal Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Creamed Salmon and Celery on Heated Muffins (leftover) Baked Apples Ice Cake (leftover) Milk Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Tossed Salad Greens Pickles and Olives Pineapple Chiffon Pie Coffee Tea	WED 23	Stewed Prunes Corn Flakes Toast Bacon Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Cream of Celery Soup Liverwurst Sandwiches Butter Tarts Tea	Lamb Stew with Vegetables Fluffy Rice Orange and Cabbage Salad Jelly Roll with Ice Cream Coffee Tea				
SAT 5	Mixed Fruit Juice Scrambled Eggs Toasted Raisin Bread Conserve Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Cream of Tomato Soup Crackers Hot Dogs Relishes Fruit Cup Cookies Milk Tea	Barbecued Spareribs Mashed Potatoes Spinach Orange Trifle (leftover cake) Coffee Tea	THU 24	Grapefruit Juice Soft-cooked Egg Buttered Toast Conserve Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Macaroni and Tomato Scallop Muffins Lemon Pudding Cookies Milk Tea	Braised Round Steak Whipped Potatoes Kernel Corn Cheesecake Coffee Tea				
SUN 6	Half Grapefruit Waffles Crisp Bacon Syrup Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Vegetable Juice Toasted Western Sandwich Pineapple Upside-down Cake Milk	Pot Roast of Beef with Vegetables Noodles Cucumber Salad Sherbet Date Cookies Coffee Tea	FRI 25	Grape Juice Oat Ring Cereal Toasted Honey Butter Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Scrambled Eggs Green Pepper Rings Fruit Jelly Muffins Milk Tea	Steamed Salmon Lemon Butter Creamed Potatoes Wax Beans Cherry Pie				
MON 7	Orange Juice Bran Flakes Toasted Muffins Grape Jelly Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Tomato Rarebit Relishes Sliced Bananas Lemon Cookies Tea	Beef Stew Dumplings Shredded Cabbage Sour Cream Dressing Fruit in Jelly	SAT 26	Pineapple Juice Ready-to-eat Bran Cereal Sliced Bananas Toasted Marmalade Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Creamed Salmon on Toast Raw Celery and Carrots Jam Tarts Tea	Cabbage Rolls Puffy Rice Salad Bowl Gingerbread Applesauce Coffee Tea				
TUE 8	Apricot Nectar with Lemon Plain Omelet Toast Jam Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Corn Chowder Poppy-seed Rolls Preserved Fruit Tarts Milk Tea	Breaded Veal Steaks Scalloped Potatoes Tossed Green Salad Cottage Pudding Butterscotch Sauce	SUN 27	Sectioned Grapefruit and Oranges Pancakes Table Molasses Sausages Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Cabbage Rolls (leftover) Relishes Grapes Danish Pastry Milk Tea	Fried Chicken and Mushrooms Sour Cream Sauce Peas and Rice Carrots Berry Pudding				
WED 9	Stewed Prunes Hot Oatmeal Cereal Rolls Marmalade Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Ham and Pickle Sandwiches Raw Carrot Sticks Bran Muffins Tapioca Milk Tea	Baked Beef Heart Riced Potatoes Harvard Beets Lettuce Wedge Dressing Peach Betty	MON 28	Grape Juice Ready-to-eat Cereal Creamy Scrambled Eggs on Toast Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Peanut Butter Sandwiches Carrot and Raisin Salad Fresh Peas Cookies Milkshakes Tea	Minute Steaks Ketchup Parsley Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Jam Tarts Coffee Tea				
THU 10	Tangerine Juice Poached Eggs Leftover Muffins Honey Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Sausage Rolls Creamed Peas Maple Custard Peanut Butter Cookies Milk Tea	Corned Beef and Cabbage Boiled Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Mince Pie Coffee Tea	TUE 29	Grapefruit Juice Bacon Scones Apple Jelly Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Creamed Onions and Cheese on Toast Preserved Pineapple Rings Raisin Squares Milk Tea	Chicken Pot Pie Corn Fritters Green Salad Vanilla Ice Cream Chocolate Nut Sauce				
FRI 11	Vegetable Juice Hot Shredded Wheat Toast Jam Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Cheese Fondue Tomato Aspic on Lettuce Muffins Prune Whip Milk Tea	Fish Cakes Parsley Sauce French Fried Potatoes Carrot Coins Orange Charlotte Peanut Butter Cookies	WED 30	Orange Juice Hot Cereal Banana Bread Honey Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Tomato Soup Sardines on Pumpkinickel Swiss Cheese Milk Pudding Raisin Squares Milk Tea	Sweetbreads and Mushrooms on Toast Points Lima Beans Relishes Apple Pie à la mode Coffee Tea				
SAT 12	Grapefruit Sections French Toast Jelly Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Cold Corned Beef Hot Potato Salad Celery Buttermilk Biscuits Pears Brownies Milk Tea	Dressed Loin of Pork Glazed Apple Rings Buttered Cabbage Noodles Lemon Meringue Pie	THU 31	Half Grapefruit Poached Egg on Toast Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Canadian-style Pea Soup Cole Slaw Banana Bread Tapioca Milk Tea	Veal Paprika Potato Dumplings Succotash Bavarian Cream Coffee Tea				
SUN 13	Stewed Figs Potato Pancakes Sausages Table Molasses Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Cheeseburgers Celery Relishes Applesauce Doughnuts Milk Tea	Roast Chicken Fluffy Rice Squash Angel Cake Strawberry Sauce Coffee Tea	<div><h2>Chatelaine Recipe of the Month</h2><h3>†LIVERWURST LOAF</h3><div><div><div>1-pound piece pork liver</div><div>1 cup milk</div></div><div><div>1/4 pound salt pork</div><div>1 egg, slightly beaten</div></div><div><div>1 medium onion</div><div>1/4 cup ketchup</div></div><div><div>1/2 clove garlic</div><div>2 teaspoons salt</div></div><div><div>1 pound lean minced pork</div><div>1/2 teaspoon dry mustard</div></div><div><div>1 1/2 cups Cheddar cheese, shredded</div><div>1/4 teaspoon each of thyme, sage, sweet basil</div></div><div><div>1 cup dry bread crumbs</div></div></div><div><div>Cut liver in large pieces and cover with warm water. Bring to a boil and simmer for 10 minutes. Cool and force through a meat chopper with salt pork, onion and garlic. Add cheese and crumbs. Stir in combined milk, egg and ketchup. Add seasonings and mix well. Turn into a greased loaf dish approximately 8 x 4 x 4 inches. Bake in a preheated oven for 1 hour at 350 deg. F. Makes 8 generous servings.</div><div><h3>Tomato Green Pepper Sauce</h3><div><div>Add the liquid from the Liverwurst Loaf to 2 cups canned tomatoes, 1/2 green pepper, diced, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar and 3 whole cloves. Simmer the mixture until green pepper is tender. Discard cloves and thicken slightly with cornstarch and water. Serve over slices of the loaf.</div></div></div></div></div>							
MON 14	Tomato Juice Whole-wheat Porridge Jellied Doughnuts Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Vegetable Beef Soup Egg Salad Sandwich Apple Snow Lemon Sauce Milk Tea	Creamed Chicken in Patty Shells Baked Potatoes Green Beans Steamed Fig Pudding Coffee Tea								
TUE 15	Sliced Oranges Crisp Bacon Honey Butter Toasted Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Fruit Salad with Cottage Cheese Buttered Rolls Chocolate Pudding Milk Tea	Beefsteak and Kidney Pudding Waldorf Salad Stewed Apricots Banana Cake								
WED 16	Blended Juice Corn Flakes Poached Egg on Toast Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Spanish Rice Rolls Choice of Fresh Fruit (apples, grapes, pears) Cookies	Baked Country Sausage Applesauce Duchesse Potatoes Corn Coconut Cream Pie (crumb crust)								
THU 17	Tomato Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Salmon Salad Deviled Eggs Hot Bran Muffins Preserved Raspberries Cookies	Italian Spaghetti and Meat Balls Bread Sticks Relishes Apple Cobbler Coffee Tea								
FRI 18	Mandarin Orange Sections Ready-to-eat Cereal Toasted Conserve Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Asparagus Soup Spanish Omelet Carrot Strips Apple Cobbler (leftover) Milk Tea	Tomato Juice Baked Smelts Tartar Sauce Scalloped Potatoes Steamed Whole Carrots Baked Lemon Pudding								
SAT 19	Half Grapefruit Scrambled Eggs Chelsea Buns Jam Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Toasted Bacon Sandwiches Cabbage Salad Lemon Pudding (leftover) Freshly Baked Cupcakes Milk Tea	Baked Liver and Onions Stuffed Potatoes Creamed Carrots and Peas Meringues filled with Ice Cream Fruit Sauce								

*Recipe appears elsewhere in this issue

*Recipe appears elsewhere in this issue

How to make a **SOUPER CASSEROLE**



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SOUPER TUNA CASSEROLE

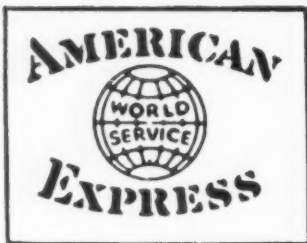
1 can Cream of Mushroom Soup	7-oz. can drained, flaked tuna
½ cup milk	1 cup crushed potato chips
1 cup drained, cooked peas	A few whole potato chips

In a 1-quart casserole, combine soup, milk, peas, tuna and crushed potato chips. Top with potato chips, garnish with pimiento. Then slip your casserole into a moderate oven (375° F) for 25 minutes. 4 servings.



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**LA PROVINCE DE
Québec**

CHATELAINE'S HOLIDAY GUIDE



**WHEN I
TRAVEL...**

Five Canadian women share secrets on travel
comfort... how to tip... extras you must pack



Freda Trepel Kaufmann,

internationally known Winnipeg pianist, has been traveling since the age of fifteen. Besides her brief case of music, she lists cleansing petals, a spray net and anti-seasickness pills as "the travel companions I can't do without."

She regards tipping as "an important part of travel which, unfortunately, many women ignore." She points out that redcaps in most U.S. railway stations and airports expect twenty-five cents for each bag they carry. The size of tips on trans-Atlantic liners is a personal matter. As a guide, Mrs. Kaufmann quotes from a Cook's travel booklet which suggests ten dollars as a customary tip to cabin stewards for first-class passengers; the same amount for the table steward and four dollars for the deck steward. Tourist-class passengers usually tip their cabin stewards and table stewards from three to five dollars; one to two dollars goes to the deck steward. Bath stewards are tipped about two dollars. All tips, except for special services from hairdressers, barmen and so forth, are given at the end of the trip.



Eve Henderson,

under the name of Helen Kent, is fond of telling her Edmonton radio (CFRN) audience about the joys of exploring "this wonderful country" by car. Besides recommending specific beauty spots, she passes on aids to happy motoring that she picks up en route. One piece of advice which she directs at women listeners is: "Always pack a small bag with items for over-

night stops so that your husband doesn't have to unpack half the car to find a nightie." To motorists who favor motels for overnight stops, she recommends "taking along an automatic coffee maker and tins of fruit juice. Then, in the morning, fortified with this basic breakfast, you can get an early start and enjoy the best time of the day for car travel."

While acknowledging the popularity of slacks among women motorists, Mrs. Henderson plumps for skirts and sweaters or suits as being "neater when you stop for meals and more convenient in comfort stations." For safe as well as happy motoring, she emphasizes the importance of stopping every two hours for a stretch. Her last word to prospective travelers always is: "Pack much less than you think you'll need and even then you'll find many items you'll never use."



Dorothy Lash Colquhoun

is Homemakers' Adviser for the Robert Simpson Company (Toronto), and joins our other expert travelers in deploring baggage-bursting Canadians abroad. "Cut down on everything possible," she says, adding firmly: "You'll never begin to use all the things you packed."

What you will most certainly need, according to Mrs. Colquhoun, is a small bottle of liniment or foot salve for soothing feet that have been sight-seeing all day.

For foot comfort in beds affected by a cold damp climate, she recommends a pair of "old-fashioned hand-knitted bed socks." In the same climate, you'll be glad, she's sure, that you brought along a wool jersey housecoat which, besides being "cozy beyond words," packs into a small space.

Mrs. Colquhoun always packs small plastic bags to carry articles, such as washcloths, nail brushes and so forth, that aren't always dry when you're

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"One tip—for shopping in London or Paris wear your best clothes"

ready to stow them. Shoe bags made of jersey (they come in assorted colors) she finds useful for many articles besides shoes. And she never forgets her flat manicuring and sewing kits.



Betty Mitchell,

whose Calgary drama group, Workshop 14, regularly represents Alberta at Dominion Drama Festivals, admits to paying "astronomic sums" for overweight baggage on trips to the U.S.A. and Europe. She tries to arrange to have her dry cleaning done in Paris when she's traveling abroad. "Paris practically recreates soiled clothes," she finds.

For shopping both in London and Paris, she suggests "dressing in one's best—otherwise the clerks will become suddenly quite blind and ignore one completely." A draped jersey dress which doesn't crease either in transit or at the theatre is her favorite for evening. And sweaters, she has learned, are a necessity anywhere, at any time of the year, in Britain and Europe.

To those travelers who use a rinse on their hair, Betty Mitchell's advice is: "Carry your own supply."



Enid Nemy Cohen,

who operates her own public-relations firm in Montreal, always looks impeccably turned out, no matter how recently or for how long she's been aboard a train or plane. A determinedly light traveler, she insists: "You can go anywhere for almost any length of time with a large handbag, a twenty-nine-inch pullman (unfitted) and a flight bag. The handbag holds wallet, documents, cosmetics, cigarettes, book, flexible slippers in a case,

pencil, pen and notebook. In the bottom of the pullman go shoes (at least two pairs, one for walking), one handbag for evening and another for day; then robe, nightgown, lingerie, at least four pairs of stockings, all the same color, one cardigan sweater that can be worn with everything, jewelry and belts, gloves (two pairs of white

and one of black) and several packable hats. The flight bag carries, virtually uncreased, two suits (one tailored, the other dressy), one dress for evening and two or three day dresses."

Mrs. Cohen always does "before-hand planning, especially with regard to color co-ordination." She makes a check list of odds and ends. Then,

before packing, she sprays cologne generously inside her bags.

Relaxing en route, she wears "a truly comfortable dress, neither a sheath nor terribly full—something like jersey (which doesn't crease) with a softly flared skirt." She substitutes the soft slippers which she carries in her handbag for shoes. ♦

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CHATELAINE'S HOLIDAY GUIDE



How to choose your new LUGGAGE

- What sizes should you buy
- What wears best
- How do you care for it
- The best way to pack each piece

BY VIVIAN WILCOX

Chatelaine Fashion and Beauty Editor

NOT SO long ago a suitcase was a sober leather (or cardboard) box with a handle. Today luggage is as fashionable as your latest hat and as streamlined as a new-model car.

Attractive luggage is within the reach of every budget. But before investing, consider: How do you travel . . . and how much? Weight is not too important a consideration because today most luggage is air-weight (flight limit is forty pounds — sixty-six pounds first-class overseas). Many women prefer a matched set of three: a large case with hangers (for dresses, suits, shoes), a weekend (for lingerie, blouses), an overnight or train case (for cosmetics, nightie, extras). But would this best serve you? Accessory conscious, you may want a case that takes just hats and shoes.

Hang-up wardrobe cases of soft fabric that fold in half are wonderful for train and car travelers, but for air travel you need a case of sterner stuff. All the well-known luggage lines are open stock which lets you add a piece next year.

When buying luggage enquire about the frames. They determine the strength and life of your luggage. They can be aluminum, magnesium metal, two- and five-ply woods or synthetic fibre blends. Remember metals can dent with abuse but are light and unbreakable; wood "gives" a little but can be split. Now in low-priced ranges is "longbound" lug-

gage: sides, front and back are of one continuous strip bent around at corners rather than joined. They're designed to withstand dropping on ends better than corner joints.

After the frames, consider the coverings. Kalistron, Koroseal, Marvolite, Fiberglas in Duralite—all look like fine-grained leathers. All are scuff-, rain- and stain-resistant, soap-and-water washable. Vinyl bonded to metal looks amazingly like tweed, resists digs and pokes. Linen, hard-wearing and still quietly elegant, is sometimes sprayed with plastic for washability and stainlessness. Leathers are enduring but will scuff and stain and are slightly heavier.

New shapes have purpose beyond sheer good looks. Taller, slimmer lines mean less folding of dresses. Tapered tops make for easy toting. And explore fittings: hangers in wardrobe cases that transfer to cupboards . . . plastic-lined pockets for wet bathing caps, liquids.

Luggage, like clothes, rates attention. A soapsuds-dampened sponge cleans plastics and plastic-coated linen. And both take a thin coat of good wax (not liquid). Saddle soap for soiled leather—twice a year anyway for suppleness. Never store any luggage in heat and damp; set pieces up on their studded bases. Plastics make fast friends with painted shelves in a warm climate! And never cram a case to overflow—and weaken hinges.

"TRAVELITE" VANITY CASE by Carson, about \$34.50



Will hold 3 pair stockings, 1 nylon nightie, 1 nylon wrap, 1 pair scuffs, twin sweater set, cosmetics.

Special features: Fitted hosiery case, comb, brush, mirror, plastic bottles, "snap-out" zippered waterproof cosmetic case.

Comes in grey, white and blue Kalistron covering.

Recommended for plane, train, ship, bus and car. Team with matching wardrobe case or pullman.

"VAL-A-PAK" by Atlantic, about \$32.95

Will hold 6 dresses (comes with 3 hangers—add 3 of your own) or 3 suits, 3 pair shoes (in plastic bags) and cosmetic case in bottom. Fold cotton/nylon housecoat in three and slide into separate outside pocket.

Special features: Outside hanger for door hook or wardrobe rail; front zips around sides and top.

Comes in four shades of double-rayon tartan and two plain shades, with plastic and leather trim.

Recommended for car, ship and train. Team with matching sport bag (takes lingerie, sweaters, extra shoes and gift-buys en route). Or match with pullmans, and train case from "Grasshopper" range (same manufacturer).



"JUNKET" BAG by Skyway, about \$13.50

Will hold 1 nylon nightie, 1 pair stockings, 1 sweater, 1 pair scuffs, cosmetic case, passport, wallet—in that order.

Special features: Removable moisture-proof pouch; weighs only two pounds.

Comes in blue, green, red, grey, white and brown Koroseal with Fiberglas.

Recommended for plane, train and bus—doubles as beach bag and purse. Team with 21-inch matching wardrobe case for one- to two-week trip.



"FLITE 69" HAT AND SHOE by Dominion, about \$27.50

Will hold 4 pair shoes in sides and lid, 4 hats in centre or sweaters, blouses and lingerie instead of hats.

Special features: Padded bumper-edge construction; tapered style.

Comes in natural rawhide color, red, blue, tan Marvolute covering with genuine rawhide binding.

Recommended for plane, train, ship, bus and car. Match with pullmans, wardrobes, train case.



"STARFIRE" WEEKENDER by McBrine, about \$30

Will hold 1 pair shoes (in plastic bags), 1 pair scuffs, bathing suit and heavies (like cosmetic case) on bottom and to the back (pack solidly to avoid sliding). On top a light wrap-around, nightie and lingerie. Roll suit skirt from waist to hem over paper wad or lay flat and fold once. Cross jacket sleeves, fold at waist and lay with collar to the back of bag. (Extra dress, blouse and other crushables similarly folded on top.) Wear dress and coat.

Special features: Two-way tapered style in Duralite—looks like tweed with metallic fleck.

Comes in grey, sandalwood, blue.

Recommended for plane, train, ship and bus. Match to wardrobe or pullman for longer trip.



"ULTRALITE" PULLMAN by Samsonite, about \$47.50

Will hold 4 dresses, or 2 plus 1 suit, in lid lengthwise. Fold dress once below waist—jacket goes in without folding, or at waist only. Clip stiff divider into place and in bottom put cosmetic case, 2 pair shoes (in plastic bags), cardigan, lingerie, nightie and wrap. Stockings, jewelry, belts and scarves in side pockets.

Special features: Light metal construction. **Comes in** white, sand, green, blue and grey Vinyl bonded to magnesium metal.

Recommended for plane, train, bus and car. Team with train case or weekender to match. ♦

Luggage shown is available at Eaton's, Simpson's, and at dealers across Canada.



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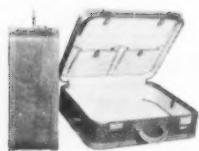
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TRAVEL WITHOUT

THE idea of being an innocent abroad is much more charming than the experience. Ask any travel agent. He's acquainted with all the pitfalls a tourist can encounter. And he'd much rather tell you about them beforehand than listen to your troubles later on. From your travel agent's own experience and that of his clients, fresh from abroad, here are some of the dos and don'ts for extra-territorial Canadian travelers.

DO carry your funds in traveler's cheques, except for a small sum in the currency of the first country on your itinerary to take care of tips, taxis, etc.

DON'T patronize back-alley money changers in European cities. Their rate of exchange may be higher than the banks' or Cook's or that of American Express but they may also unload counterfeit currency on trusting tourists.

DON'T purchase your traveler's cheques in too large denominations. In many villages in Britain and the Continent you simply can't cash a substantial cheque except at a bank, and there will be times when you'll need to. Then, too, there'll be times when you'll want only small amounts before leaving a country. And finally, foreign currencies are confusing (and frequently bulky) enough without getting introduced in quantity.

DO take a minimum of luggage. In British and European railway compartments, you'll regret that extra suitcase when you're piling it on high shelves. Trains have been known to pull out while baggage-heavy North Americans were still unloading. If you're combining plane and boat travel, plan to fly over and return by ship so as to use the greater ocean-going weight allowance when you're souvenir-laden.

DO consult government travel booklets for national tipping habits. One rule is: never tip less than the price of a cup of coffee. The National Travel Association of Denmark has this advice to offer: "The official rate of tipping is 12½ percent,

but 15 percent assures better service, which is why many people give 17 percent."

DON'T assume that, because your stomach is never queasy at home, you can cope with a steady diet of unfamiliar food. In Asia, South America and Mexico, it's sensible to forget about salads. The vitamin intake doesn't compensate for the discomfort that may result. Similarly, wine and mineral water are better bets than water almost anywhere abroad. If you're still willing to take risks, bring along some insurance in the form of one of the so-called intestinal antiseptics. Entero-Vioform is one.

DO have your smallpox vaccination early—at least a month before your departure. Some unfortunates are strenuously affected — and the effects don't usually show until a week or ten days after vaccination. Remember you must carry with you proof of vaccination.

DON'T assume that you need visas only for Eastern European countries. Such friendly places as Spain, Portugal and South American countries also require them. Get them early.

DO treat your passport with respect. If you doodle on its empty pages, you can find yourself waiting at a border barrier for a new one.

DO carry color film with you and bring back the exposed rolls for processing in Canada. Color film is hard to find outside of the large cities and unavailable almost anywhere in Spain. Moreover, any film purchased abroad is dutiable back home. To be on the safe side, declare your camera, equipment and film with Canadian customs before you leave. If your camera is a Continental make, this proof of ownership is particularly important.

DO make use of the vast machinery the international tourist industry has placed at your disposal. The British Travel Association, for example, has Canadian offices at 90 Adelaide Street West, Toron-

STILL TO COME IN THIS ISSUE

Holiday Fashion and Beauty Chatelaine Needlecraft

Club News from coast to coast Chatty Chipmunk

Young Parents by Dr. Robertson

TEARS

By Jeannine Locke

to. The French Government Tourist Office is at 1170 Drummond Street, Montreal. Or write for information to the nearest consulate of the country you're planning to visit.

DON'T regard travel agents as luxuries you can't afford. They don't charge a fee for booking ocean or airline transportation or more than list price for tours. It's only on made-to-order itineraries that you'll be charged for services.

DON'T be shy about asking for detailed information from your airline or railway passenger agent. Airlines offer package tours as well as straight transportation. So does the CNR. Ask about stop-over privileges. And don't forget that, in small communities, the railway passenger agent is accustomed to doubling as a travel agency.

DO inquire about the family fare, excursion and pay-later plans provided by almost all airlines. You can use the Atlantic family fare plan of reduced fares for wives and children (up to twenty-five years) on first class, as well as tourist flights on any scheduled airline from Canada and the U. S. A. to Europe, Africa, the Middle and Far East, providing only that your family leaves together. Members needn't return or make stopovers together. Pay-later plans involve a ten-percent down payment with monthly installments starting on your return. There are the usual "carrying charges."

DO arrive abroad with the idea of enjoying the differences you observe rather than complaining about them. Yes, you do have to pay for a bath in some European hotels. The plumbing in some places may surprise you. So will the breakfast menu. But before you begin talking about how much better we run things at home, remember your own reaction to criticism from outsiders of things Canadian. You're the foreigner now. Don't exploit your privileges as a guest.

And finally, **DO** have a happy holiday. ♦

Housecleaning Hints

Teach Your Child To Skate



"Even on my modest holiday budget of \$435 I enjoyed ten wonderful days in Britain"

says this Canadian business girl from Ottawa, Ontario, pictured here at Llangollen, Wales, home of the famous International Musical Eisteddfod

"My trip to Britain, including transportation both ways and ten unforgettable days seeing England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland, cost me only \$435. I chose to go in May—when the English spring is at its loveliest and when travel costs are at their lowest. I found the countryside bright with flowers. I found trains and buses uncrowded and that there was plenty of inexpensive hotel accommodation to pick and choose from. I found I could buy three good meals a day for as little as three dollars and that tickets for any of London's fifty theatres were quite amazingly cheap. Yes, indeed, I found spring the perfect time to visit Britain!"—whenever you come to Britain—wherever you go in Britain, this year you'll find prices agreeably low by Canadian standards. So start making your plans now. See your travel agent.



Britain's well-stocked shops are famous for bargains — and there are special concessions for visitors from overseas. You can buy a genuine Scotch tweed jacket for \$20. Britain's favourable exchange rate will make your dollars go agreeably far.

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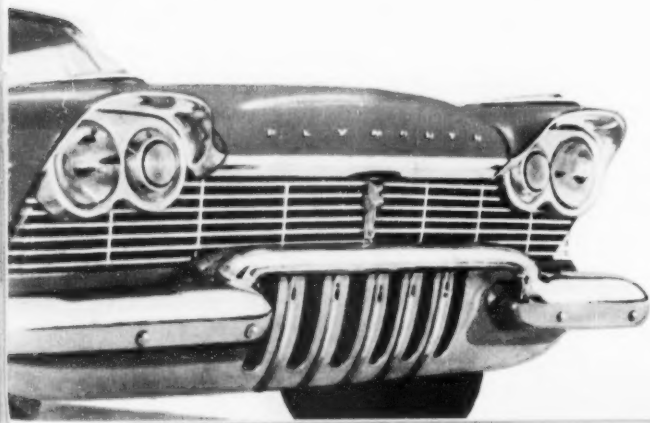
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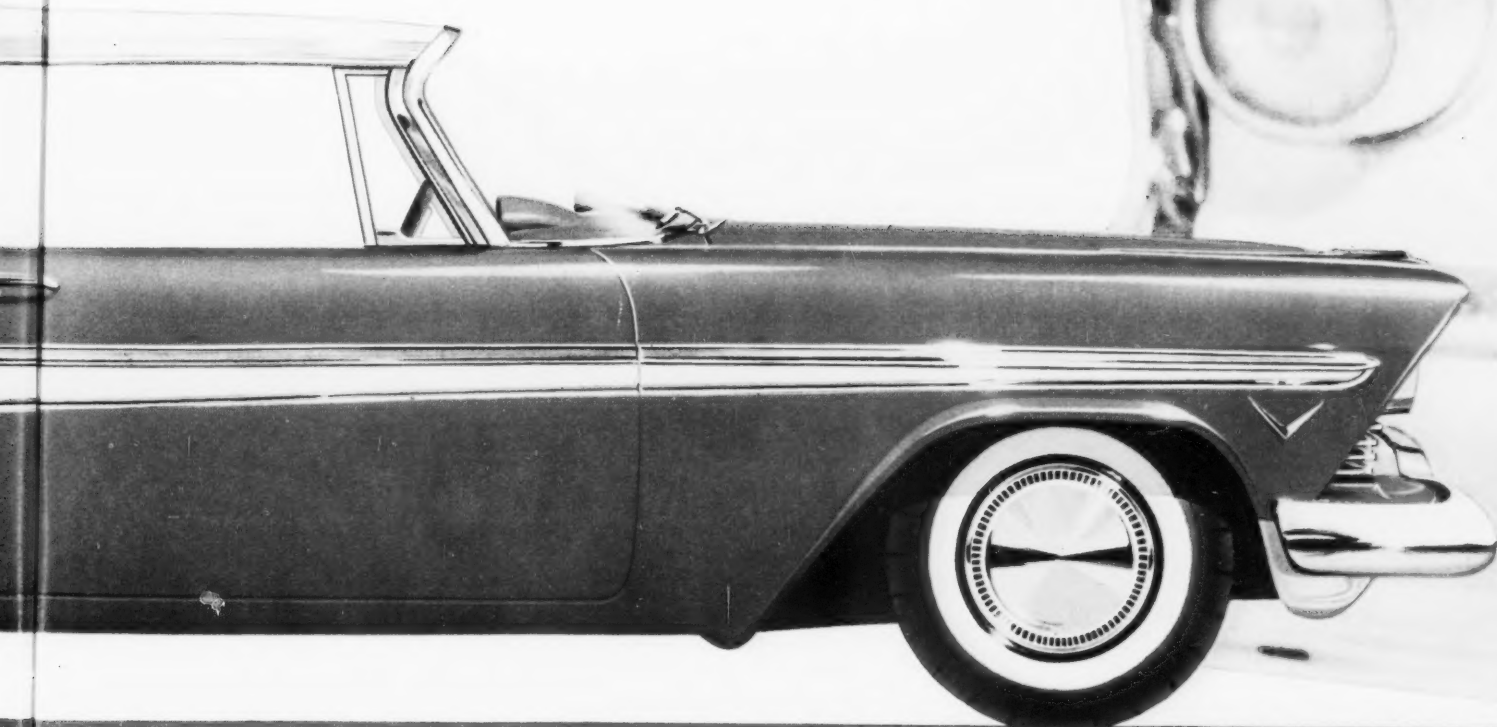


You'll think it's a "dream car"—and it is—this beautiful new *Thrill-Power* Plymouth for '57, either 6 or V-8! Look at its long, low, road-hugging lines. Thrill to the flair of its "double-header" headlights—the jet-like look of the sloping hood—the soaring thrust of those speed-styled tail fins—and the jaunty new slant of the bigger-than-ever windshield. From sleek, sparkling grille to twin-pyramid taillights, no car on the road can touch it for style. It's the new shape of motion . . . *Thrill-Power* Plymouth for '57. See it—and drive it—soon!

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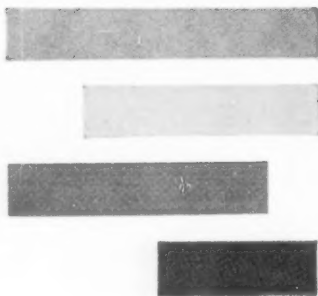
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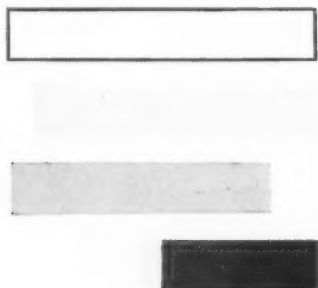
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SUMMER-SOUTHERN

This year your travel coat might be a cape, must be roomy enough, classic enough to wear over suit and dresses. Choose it first, then the rest of your wardrobe in colors that go with it. The coat could be camel hair and with it you might wear a gay, coral chiffon scarf.



For summer and resort wear choose it in light blue to go over a travel wardrobe in two shades of blue, white and mauve (mauve is one of this season's best colors). Have a mauve silk stole to wrap around your head—protect your hair—do en route and later, for evenings under the stars.

Your suit should be smart, go-everywhere — and beige. Have it in worsted, wool or blend. The hat that travels best is small, uncrushable (could be a beret) in beige and or brown. Have your handbag in brown; gloves, beige.



Southbound? Travel in a mauve suit — again, a weightless wool or a blend. Get one with a new short semifitted jacket, narrow skirt eased by unpressed pleats at waist. Let your hat match your suit or introduce a touch of the coat's blue.

A beige blouse for the beige suit. Buy it, make it or have it made of Acrilan jersey, nylon-and-cotton blend, nylon or Terylene crepe. The sleeveless shirt shown with the shorts (right) could also go with your suit — could alternate with this.



A blue blouse for the summer suit — also of a quick-dry, no-iron fabric such as nylon or a blend. A suit plus blouse is an ideal travel team for quick temperature changes. If flying south you may want to shed your jacket on landing.

Slim, easy-fitting dress in jersey or other type of knit travels and packs well. Have it in beige, brown, gold, coral — or a combination of these colors. The jersey could be wool or it could be rayon.



For the south—have this dress in one of the new no-iron synthetics or in a cotton knit. Choose it in blue or mauve. It is the perfect type of dress for traveling by car — more comfortable than a suit when you are driving long hours.

CHATELAINE'S HOLIDAY GUIDE

A capsule wardrobe to take you anywhere

THE CLOTHES SKETCHED WILL SEE YOU THROUGH ANY TRIP, ANYWHERE. FOR SPRING TRAVEL, HAVE THEM IN THE COLORS AND FABRICS WE SUGGEST

ABOVE THE SKETCHES, FOR SOUTHERN-SUMMER CLIMES READ UNDERNEATH

By Vivian Wilcox

CHATELAINE FASHION AND BEAUTY EDITOR

Shirtdress or separates—the choice depends on your age and taste. It could be in silk or wool. If your spring travels include the south of Italy or France, silk would be your best choice. Make it beige and/or brown.



Under blue skies — let your shirtdress match, or be of blue-and-white stripe. Both come in Terylene tricotee. Separates could be blue or they could be two-tone — mauve and blue. Cotton separates always look cool and fresh, are ideal — if you have laundering facilities at your hotel.

Classic sweaters — in brown or beige. Could be cashmere, Botany wool, Orlon or a blend, depending on your budget. You can wear the cardigan over dresses as well as with your suit skirt, pullover.



In a warm climate such as Jamaica, you won't need the pull-over. But you will want the cardigan to toss about your shoulders at sundown. Have it in pale blue to partner evening dress.

Shorts and shirt — only if your northern holiday includes a side trip south — say the Riviera. Could be beige, yellow. Substitute brown wool slacks for roughing it out in the cool Canadian countryside.



Shirt and shorts, blue Terylene-wool or crease-resistant linen — two-tone mauve, mauve and blue, white. Shirt can be worn with your mauve suit. Bermuda-length shorts are smart — if becoming.

If swimming (or just beachcombing!) is included in your holiday, take a classic one-piece swimsuit. One of the new knits would be ideal — wool, nylon or Orlon. In brown or yellow. And don't forget to take your bathing cap along with you, too.



In the tropics and subtropics a cotton swimsuit is your best bet. You'll want two if you are resort-bound. The second can be Lastex, Orlon, nylon, white or pastel. Take a cotton beach coat (doubles as a dress-ign gown).

A dark and dressy, sleeveless or short-sleeved with cape or jacket is a must for city street wear both at home or abroad. Have it in brown silk or rayon crepe. With it, a head-fitting brown hat — perhaps a turban — to match.



This time in print, mauve-blue-white. Or print dress with solid-color cape or jacket. One exception: if your plans include Havana or Mexico City, make this dress (or the sheath) navy. The dark tone is smartest — either place.

The short dress is in order in almost all public restaurants and night clubs. And this spring, that could make yours just-above-the-ankle length. Silk or nylon chiffon is not only fashionable, it takes little space, wrinkles shake out. Choose beige or coral.



For summer or southern-resort wear choose an evening dress in blue chiffon or in flowery mauve-and-blue printed cotton. This year the silhouette is softer; skirts meant to float — not to bell out — and that's good news for the traveler, means you won't pack a crinoline.

Travel in pumps with low but gracefully slim heels — wear with all your day-time dresses. Brown calf is your best buy. Take "flats" to match the shorts (or slacks). And high-heeled pumps in a coral hue for special occasions — dining, dancing.



Choose medium-heeled navy shoes for travel; high-heeled dress-up pumps in pale blue for pastel dresses (including the short evening dress). And flat-heeled shoes in mauve or white for the beach, sight-seeing and general wear around the resort.

Sketches by Dorothy Fraser

7 tips for smart travelers

Knowing that you are smartly dressed, comfortably dressed, with clothes to match the weather, the place and the occasion, can add immeasurably to the success of any holiday. And the secret is a planned wardrobe. Here, seven rules to guide you in planning yours.

1. Get clothes information in advance . . .

Ask a friend who has covered the same territory, visited the same places. Write ahead to a resort, ask about weather, activities.

2. Take smart but conservative clothes . . .

A trip is no time to experiment with extreme styles. If in doubt, lean to the conventional — white for the tennis courts, a one-piece swimsuit with a beachcoat for cover-up. And remember, what is smart in Toronto or Montreal is smart in any city with similar climate. In

the tropics, the rule is: dress as you would for summer in a small town. Never wear slacks or shorts in a city or town anywhere.

3. Take comfortable clothes . . . Wear everything at least once before you go. The girdle that rides up, the shoes that pinch, the hat that flies off and the dress that needs alterations are best left at home.

4. Take easy-to-care-for clothes . . . or crease-resistant, spot-resistant clothes; clothes that are washable, dry fast, need little or no ironing. Among the ideal travel fabrics are the knits, the jerseys, lace, chiffon — fabrics of wool, silk, Orlon, Terylene, nylon. Of course you'll want nylon lingerie.

5. Take versatile clothes . . . a coat that

looks well over both your suit and your dresses; a cardigan that goes not only with your suit skirt but with your shirtdress and possibly with your evening gown; a large bag that will serve both as purse and overnight case. For afternoon and evening — an envelope bag with slipcovers to match your dresses. These you can make yourself.

6. Keep clothes to one color scheme . . .

More than one means extra shoes, extra accessories — more luggage, more weight.

7. Plan by list . . .

Put down the main items first — coat, suit, etc. Beside each one list everything needed to complete the costume — hat, bag, shoes. Many a travel outfit has proven useless because the matching slip or belt was accidentally left behind.

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CHATELAINE'S INVITATION TO BEAUTY

Beauty Tricks For the Woman Who Travels



BY VIVIAN WILCOX

Nothing spoils the fun of a trip as much as the feeling you're not looking your best. Here then, to banish any such regrets by you, is our basic list of the traveler's beauty needs—plus grooming tricks for the days you'll be spending on the train-and-hotel circuit. You can add, or subtract, to suit yourself:

Cleansing cream/lotion; night/lubricating cream; hand cream (or lubricating cream?); talc; deodorant; depilatory; toothbrush and paste; shampoo; hairbrush; bobby pins; comb; shower cap; powder base; lipstick; rouge; eyeshadow and mascara; nail polish and remover; perfume (purse size); orange sticks; emery boards; tweezers; nail scissors; absorbent cotton; purse-pack tissues; silk scarf (cover pin curls—avoids scaring night porters!); Band-Aids; small bandage; iodine.

Estimate the amounts needed for your trip and transfer to plastic jars and bottles. Don't take a six-month supply of cream for a two-week jaunt. And remember leading cosmetics are sold all over the world. Tape bottle tops with adhesive. Keep all items in one plastic case so spills aren't fatal.

Add to your list — if southbound and sunward — suntan cream (and key your make-up colors to brighter note). Glasses on prescription? Take two pairs. Snowy slopes? Take tinted cream powder base, soothing lotion for catching winds face-on. Seaports can be foggy and damp so go prepared with a lanolin hair spray—for quick sets. (Have hair cut and a permanent wave a week before you go—set the day before.) In hard-water areas add Borax crystals (any drugstore) for silk-soft washes.

Don't forget these seasoned travelers — plastic bottles and jars; folding toothbrush and paste in small plastic box; jars of disposable tissues soaked with cleansing lotion; soap, disposable washcloths, a man's hankie for soap-and-towel-shy European trains. Plastic shoe trees, shoe bags, lingerie cases, fold-in-half hangers with brush ends and miniature sewing kits.

Watch for these — detergent in envelope or capsules; plastic pegs with coat-hanger hooks (gems for laundering in ship's cabins); fold-into-handbag slippers for plane- or train-tired feet; brush, cloth and shoe polish in neat tartan case; foam-rubber "slip-ons" for coat hangers grip scoop-necked dresses. And it *had* to happen — liquid, rinseless, waterless shampoo! Lather on, dry with towel, and set.

Once arrived a night's rest and hot bath take out your travel creases—and if a dress gathered some too (despite packing tips page 29) hang it over the shower rail in the steam. Spread wet hankies over a mirror to dry in a wink. Wrap a mitt of cellulose tape around fingers to clean suede shoes, velvet collar and hats. Soiled white gloves and no time to wash? Rub with French chalk (or talc!) and shake hard—three or four times. An unexpected church en route and no hat? Place one side of square scarf over head, behind ears and tie two ends at back; bring other ends under knot and tuck in; drape the fullness neatly. Repeat for pin curls on the beach. *Bon Voyage!* ♦



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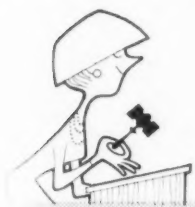
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Club News

FROM COAST TO COAST

CONDUCTED BY PAT PARKINSON

The Junior League stampeded . . . They even brought customers to the doors in chartered buses the day the brand-new TORONTO JUNIOR LEAGUE Opportunity Shop opened. First-day receipts from the sale of good used clothing cleared two thousand dollars for the league's community work. At the shop one hundred volunteers put in twelve thousand hours a year. Since it was first opened in 1923 in the back room of a barber shop on the present site of Eaton's College Street store, it has moved five times. Today the Leaguers own their own shop, and look forward to greeting many more faithful followers like the customer who has been coming daily for twenty-five years.

Swings, plumbing and fish oil. THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE OF UPPER MUSQUODOBOIT, N.S., gave the town their new twenty-thousand-dollar Community Hall. A seven-year-old youngster among Women's Institutes, the group has already provided playground equipment and indoor plumbing in the schools and sponsored fish-liver-oil capsules for the children.

From 630,000 programs came a mobile unit. VANCOUVER BETA SIGMA PHIS, a business and professional sorority, work closely with the Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society to cheer arthritis patients in B.C. At Empire Stadium this group has concession rights to sell football programs and the three-cent profit on each is turned into wheel chairs, crutches, and one big night they presented a completely equipped mobile unit.



Dry cleaning puts girls through nursing. The seventy members of LONDON'S SINAWIK (Kiwans spelled backward) Club are quietly taking the nursing shortage into their own hands. They have established a fund to aid girls interested in nursing but unable to provide uniforms, books or even spending money. Working closely with school principals and hospitals, these women choose their protégées from a group of interested girls. The club raises money through raffles, fashion shows and one novel scheme: they received a commission for each new customer acquired for a dry-cleaning firm. Results? Three graduate nurses and fifteen still in training.



Even a dummy can give blood. Will you help to save a life? blares a loudspeaker as the truck rolls by. Lying in a drugstore window a dime-store dummy is a willing volunteer for the NORTH YORK RED CROSS Blood Donor Clinic. With good publicity, a strong telephone arm and voice and a sense of humor, almost a hundred volunteers have just passed the 1,200 mark since organizing their first clinic a year and a half ago. Three clinics are now operated each month. The blood is available free at several suburban Toronto hospitals. But new recruits are needed every day and a familiar figure standing in the North York brewery store on the Friday before a clinic, joshing the customers and asking for their blood, is the lady in the blue smock and white veil.

IF YOUR ORGANIZATION is planning a new project or has discovered a new way to make an old project more successful, Chatelaine will be happy to tell our readers about it. Write to Pat Parkinson, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

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GLAZED HAM
6 to 8 lbs. cooked
Whole cloves
2 tbsps. PURE BARBADOS FANCY MOLASSES
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup dry mustard
3 tbsps. PURE BARBADOS FANCY MOLASSES

Heat oven to 325°F. (moderately slow). Remove skin and part of fat from hot, cooked ham, score fat in diamond shapes; stud with cloves. Place ham in large, shallow pan; drizzle with 2 tbsps. molasses. Mix remaining ingredients; pat uniformly over ham. Bake 40 min. or until glossy and brown. But be sure the label says, "Pure Barbados Fancy Molasses".

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How To Teach Your Child To Skate



BY YVONNE DAILEY

It's important, says this Montreal skating teacher, to start them at the right age, with good-fitting skates. Then follow these simple steps

LAST YEAR, after a figure-skating class, a father came up to ask me, "How can I teach my two-year-old to skate?" I answered, "Wait until he's four." It was the best advice I could give.

Learning to skate is really very simple and much like learning to walk. An infant walks as soon as his muscles are ready and he has the confidence to try it on his own. A child can skate as soon as he is ready, has the co-ordination and confidence, and the ambition. The ambition can come from watching other youngsters skate, but the confidence usually comes from the one who teaches the child. I personally believe that at any age beyond four a child can learn to skate.

First, he must have good skates—skates that fit, with enough support in the ankle to hold the foot upright. Weak ankles are a common complaint among beginners and, except in very rare cases where a child has had broken bones or muscular underdevelopment, weak ankles are just ill-fitting skates.

The skates must fit the child this year. Do not buy a pair he will "grow into"—with the idea of making them last two or three years. And don't rely too heavily on the sales clerk; he may not know a good fit or he may just be interested in making a sale.

Take your child to the store, along with one pair of socks of the type he will always wear under the skates. Try on the skates, both skates, lace them up, and have him stand up and walk a few paces and back again. If he walks almost as steadily as in shoes, with no ankle flopover, you're pretty safe in assuming the skates fit. Now ask him to try to move his ankle in circles while you hold the toe of the skate blade. If he can move his ankle without moving the outside of the skates, try a smaller or narrower pair. Look for a skate with sturdy leather in the boot, rather than extras in the blades, especially this first year. You can buy serviceable new skates for around ten dollars. Or you can buy used skates, fitting them as above.

Now to the ice. Keep the first few sessions under thirty minutes, less if the child is under seven. If you yourself are not a skater, wear a pair of rubber-soled boots, preferably with a heavy tread on the soles. For the skaters' safety never track dirt onto the ice; wipe off your boots in clean snow.

Watch your step—newly surfaced ice is extremely slippery. You might buy a pair of ice clamps for your boots or use an elastic band with bottle caps placed so the rough side of the caps face the ice.

Stand on the right-hand side of the child, hold his right hand with your right hand, and with your left hand hold him under the left arm. (Or you can stand at his left, reversing the positions.) Now, walk forward a few paces, turn and go back. Repeat, until the child wants to try alone. This first lesson, and the next two or three, should be mainly for balance and confidence. Walk alongside the solo skater, ready to catch him, but stress the point that if he feels he is going to fall, to relax and fall. It's all part of the fun and there's far less chance of hurting himself.

Teach him a good upright posture now, too. A bent forward position may be fine for some hockey or racing stars, but it's just poor posture for a beginner.

Once the child has a fair balance and a lot of confidence the next step is the glide. Start to teach the stroke on the floor at home without skates. Stand straight, with both feet together, bend both knees slightly, now carefully glide your left foot forward along the floor. Bring your feet together again (by picking up the right foot) and glide your right foot along the floor, bring the feet together, and repeat. Be careful to keep the knees slightly bent at all times. Have your child do this exercise again and again, always keeping an eye on his posture. Good stroking is done from the hips and knees, so let your child develop this good habit from the start.

On the ice have him try the exercise without moving from the spot. Next let him try it gliding forward while you hold him, then let him try it alone. See how simple it is—he's skating, really skating!

Generally it should take about six or eight lessons for a child to learn to skate. Don't give the lessons too close together and allow plenty of practice time for him to work out what he's learned. During these practice times, don't offer any advice unless asked for. Keep the sessions short and never force the child to skate if he doesn't feel well or doesn't want to skate.

An afterthought: why not get yourself some skates and join the fun? ♦

IMAGINE! AT HER AGE!

Continued from page 13

to droop. The figure in the window was that of a handsome but middle-aged man.

While starting the family sedan, she had a sudden impulse to take it out to the highway and keep on going. She even humored herself by calculating the contents of her purse. Five dollars and sixteen cents wouldn't take her far, she conceded with a certain relish for her own foolishness.

So she drove sedately out of the small city and up the tree-lined avenue to the Hill, where most of the faculty lived. It was late March and the pin oaks were breaking out in their first pale glory. A month from now they would be fully leafed and firmly green. Five months and the strong limbs would droop under the weight of dark leaves busy with their own photosynthetic concerns. Nine months and the trees would be bare again.

"But not me. I'll be on two-o'clock feedings again. And before that, if I'm elected, I'll be going to school-board meetings so big that I can scarcely sit up to a table."

She turned into her own driveway. The frame house which had seemed palatial when they bought it sixteen years ago seemed suddenly so cramped that another human being could not possibly be fitted into it. Three bedrooms and Martin's paper-and-book-lined study. Only one bathroom, and Cathy a pest about it.

Cathy—merciful heaven, what would a girl not yet fifteen feel about the burgeoning of a woman she frankly considered just this side of senility? And all that crowd of lush young females and thin-shanked young males whose good opinion Cathy just now valued more than her eternal soul because they had only recently taken her in—how would they react?

The garage doors caught with a snap which pleased her. She was home and it would be nice to stay there forever.

Twelve-year-old Jeff was at the kitchen table with a stack of peanut-butter sandwiches at his right hand, a book in his left. Ever since the day when a clinical psychologist had broken the rules to reveal Jeff's IQ, she had lived with the problem it posed. He was quite indifferent to athletics and girls; he preferred the conversation of Martin's colleagues to the yappings of his own contemporaries; he was, heaven help him, practically antisocial. And yet such an absolute delight to talk to that it was hard to worry about him as his teachers apparently did. However, they were probably right, and by sharp corner-cutting she and Martin had managed to register him for an expensive summer camp, "where he'll be led into the development of a group spirit" as the camp representative had ominously put it.

Dear, wonderful, exasperating Jeff—how would this affect him? She had long planned to take a job so that they could send him to the right school. Now the unexpected expenses ahead might even make the camp impossible.

"Hi, toots," he greeted her, turning a page and stoking in another bite.

"Hi, yourself. I thought you were to watch television with Gene tonight."

"The dope shied a spitball and had to stay in after school."

Continued on page 41



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1922: Two with a view to sunny travel. Briefly sleeved dress has gentle V-neckline, button and tabs. The jacket has pocket flaps, bracelet length, cut-in-one sleeves. We suggest green flowered silk, or

for our southern wardrobe (page 31), a mauve-blue-and-white floral print. Dress alone goes lunching, partying, is topped by jacket for sight-seeing, chillier evenings. Sizes 12 to 42, 50 cents.

Order from your Simplicity pattern dealer, or from the Pattern Department, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.



1922

IMAGINE! AT HER AGE!

Continued from page 39

"Do you, my friend, ever shy spit-balls?"

"Not me. My taste in juvenile delinquency runs fancier."

"Such as?"

"Would I be telling you?" He turned another page, and she winced at the knowledge that he had been reading right through the conversation. If something weren't done about him, he'd move serenely into an ivory tower without ever knowing it wasn't ground level.

As she put away her coat in the crammed hall closet (where-oh-where was room for another set of belongings?) there was a sudden commotion at the front door. Cathy and a new boy.

"Mother, may I present Wally Riddle—from New York, visiting the Riddles." Cathy's formality betrayed her excitement.

Henry Riddle was Dean of Arts. This pimply youth would have made a great splash at school today, and his presence here must constitute a considerable personal triumph for Cathy.

As Marian greeted him, Cathy reached into the closet for her racket and said, "Janet's folks are on the town tonight, and she wants me to eat with her. Then Wally and Bill are taking us to the show."

She knew and Marian knew that it was a request for permission artfully phrased to sound like a statement of intention.

"Had you forgotten that your father and I are invited to dinner at the Rolands? I supposed you would be here with Jeff."

Cathy looked stricken. "Must I come home to that drip?"

"At least I don't drip moonshine and love-glow," Jeff called through his peanut butter. "But let her go. I can manage."

Cathy breathed audible relief, but Marian saw that there was more.

"Did you work on my dress today?"

"I'm sorry, dear, but the telephone rang all morning. I had to speak at a luncheon meeting, and after that—" Yes, after that.

"Well, there's still all day tomorrow," Cathy said in leave-taking petition. Saturday-night dances had become the towering summit toward which her weeks marched. During the winter Marian had turned out a series of clever formals, inexpensive when she could make them herself, completely out of the question next winter, she realized, and wondered how Cathy would react to the deprivation.

Tomorrow would be another day of sewing against the clock, the telephoned appeals from the community, and the unrelenting flow of Saturday chores and family demands. Her life was already a juggler's act, and two wholly new sets of demands were soon to be tossed into it. If she were elected, that is.

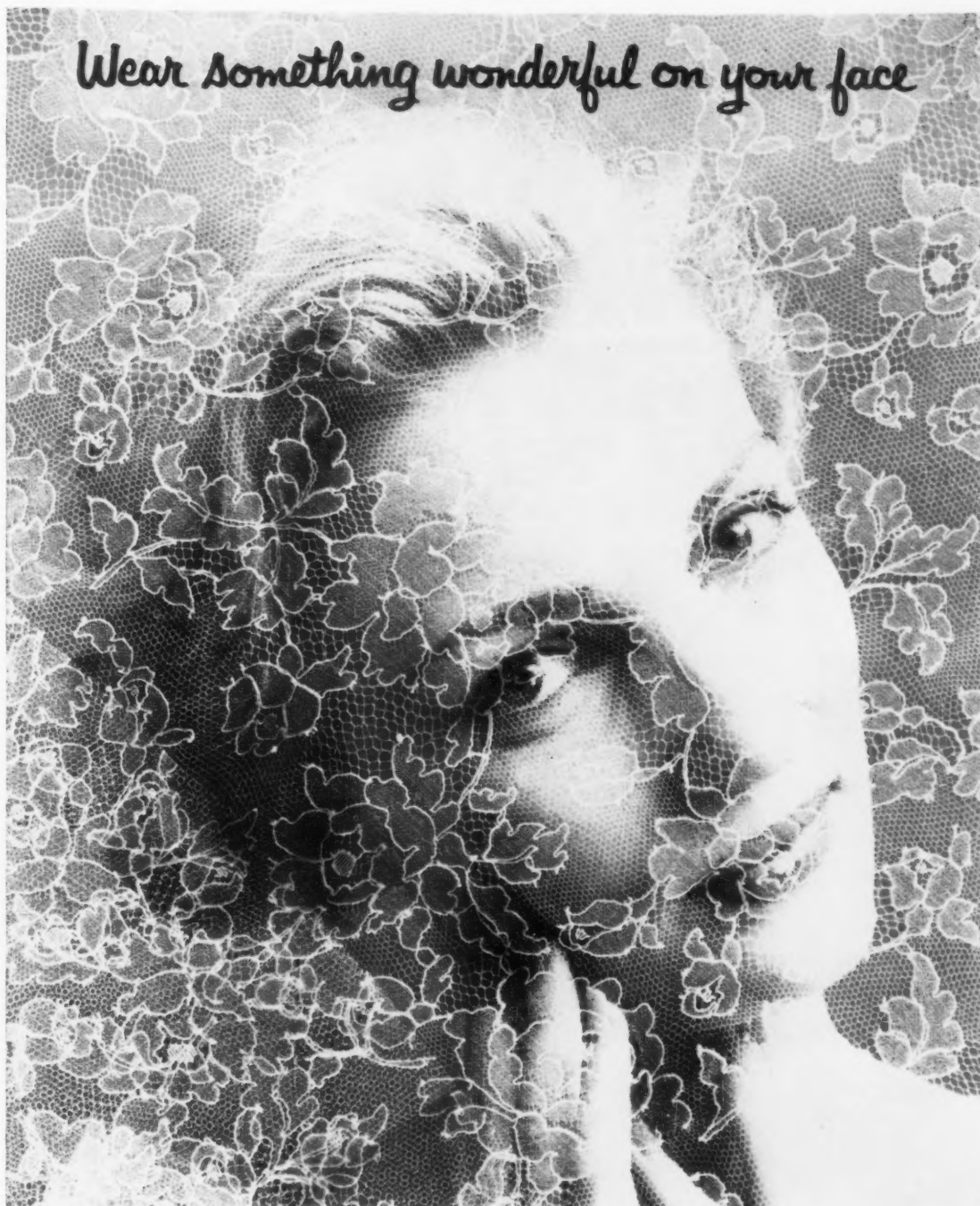
Whatever possessed me? she thought again. No sensible person would have been taken in by that hoary old line.

There's nobody else who can be elected, they said. You're so well known, they said. You've been president of everything.

We need you so terribly, they kept on saying. Unless we get a board willing to go to the community for sixty new classrooms in the next two years, a lot of children are going on double shifts.

The telephone rang. Another young mother offered her another group to speak to. Before she could get up from

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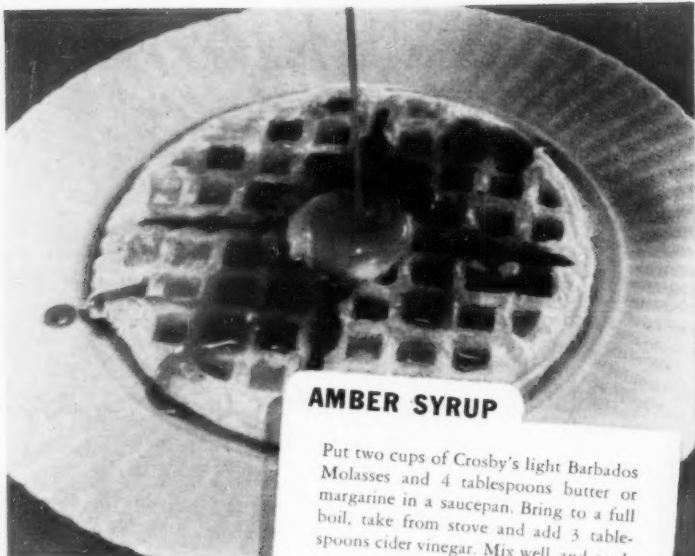
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the desk there was yet another imperious jingle.

Just as she was freeing herself again, she heard Martin at the front door. During the instant in which he was framed in the doorway, she had one of the sudden perceptive moments which come occasionally to the long and well married. "He too is beginning to show the years," she thought in protective love.

His tall slight body stooped a little from bending over microscopes and writing pads. His hair was thinning and the small brush on his upper lip which had once in its blackness looked distinguished now was greying down into a mere furze. His new bifocals had changed the expression in his eyes.

Martin was getting to be a big man in his field. His articles on the algae were constantly appearing in the professional journals, and of recent years no conference of biologists was complete without his name somewhere on the program. He needed to be protected while he did his work, not flung back into broken sleep and household confusion.

All this she thought at a glance. But as he came into the room she saw something else.

"What is it, dear?"

"What is what?" he teased.

"Whatever has happened to make you look so sly and smug?"

"That big research project we've been fishing for came through today. The department's in a regular tizzy about it."

"Oh!" Her heart groaned in sudden memory.

"It's wonderfully timed," he went on. "We'll be getting down to work in about a month, just when you're through campaigning."

Martin was one of those men who feel their way through an intellectual problem by talking about it. During the first years of their marriage, when he was hacking new trails through the algal wilderness, Marian had spent her evenings in his study, knitting or mending, the surface of her mind open while he struggled. Her occasional comments, murmured at appropriate intervals, carried no professional insights. But her presence had come to be part of his thinking environment. Later, when he was at the writing stage, she edited for clarity with the result that his publishers commented that he was one specialist who could be read. Still later, she read proofs and checked references. As he had gone up in experience and prestige, the departmental secretaries became available to him. "But hang it all, they're not as careful as you are. And besides, I just like you working with me."

"This does it," she thought. "This absolutely does it. Perhaps I could have swung everything else, but I simply can't work this in, too."

She had a sudden spurt of hope. Perhaps she wouldn't be elected. The very thought gave her a feeling that she might be able to manage the demand planted upon her body, without failing Martin or the children.

Was it possible to throw an election, she wondered as Martin drove toward the Roland prefab near the campus. This meeting tonight was important. It was in an older, affluent part of town where people could send their children to private schools if the public schools became too inferior. She was to share time with the other candidates, Frank Scheller and Leroy Hankins. Scheller was a longtime member of the board, respected in the

community and sure of re-election. The race was between her and Hankins, also an incumbent, but unpopular in some quarters because he was the leader of the do-nothing faction of the board. He was a master of wisecrack and innuendo. What if she did not show up well tonight in the time allotted her?

She had tried to get out of the Roland dinner. Now as the confusion broke upon her, she wished she had been firm. A three-year-old, a toddler, and four adults in a prefab are not much short of Bedlam. There could be no instant of quiet with which she might gather herself together for the evening's work — or decide not to do the evening's work.

She watched Binnie enviously. Ministering to her young or reprimanding them with equal casualness, she was as undaunted by the production of another infant as a mother cat would have been.

Later, as Marian stood in the tiny bedroom preparing her face for the meeting and trying to get a grip on her soul, Binnie came in and reached up to kiss her. "I just want to tell you again that all of us with children are in your corner."

"Oh, Binnie—"

"It's true. If that Hankins gets back in, we're sunk."

Martin dropped her off at the schoolhouse on his way to his office. "Good luck, my girl, and don't maul him too badly," he said serenely.

"Martin," she asked, leaning slightly back into the car, "do you really want me to win this election?"

"Of course. You've more than the usual quota of brains and integrity, and the schools of this town could use both."

While the opening business meeting rolled along its appointed course, Marian studied the audience.

The Hankins supporters were here in force — well-upholstered citizens with their minds on taxes, some of the town's better-known viewers-with-alarm, two or three ward captains. But scattered around were some others, the fruit of Binnie's and her friends' telephoning: young men who had been at Normandy or Korea, young women who had left such men at home to mind the children, a few couples who had been lucky about baby sitters.

Looking down at them, Marian knew that she couldn't walk out on them. She had to give this campaign the best that was in her. But she could hope, couldn't she?

The days went by. Twenty of them. The telephone rang incessantly. Chairmen rose to make introductions, and audiences hostile or friendly clapped politely or heartily. Her campaign speech took shape and the shape became so much a part of her that she could vary it to fit each new group. She came in from meetings too keyed up to go to sleep or she fell into bed already half asleep.

But she did not tell Martin, although each morning she admonished herself that she would do it this very day. Both other times she had run to him with the first intimations, and they had waited together for corroboration.

The tension grew.

"Try to take it a bit easier, Marian." That was Martin.

"I find I'm getting a little tired of peanut-butter sandwiches." That was Jeff.

"I hate this business. Who wants a mother out saving the world?" That was Cathy and the tone was bitter.

At the end the days galloped. The last-minute television appearance was harassing because the lights and cameras seemed to shut her away from the people she was addressing. Radio talks were not hard, but they took preparing too.

Through it all the house got frowzier and Cathy more resentful. After his one plaintive comment Jeff took up residence in his book-stacked room. Martin began spending more time in his office.

Now she knew what she wanted. She wanted not to be elected. Because her friends were counting on her, she had given the campaign everything that was in her. But it would be a relief beyond all expressing to cross off one set of demands.

Late afternoon of election day, when not even one more vote could be pursued, came at last. Throwing the budget to the winds, she bought T-bones and, tired as she was, put a cake mix in the oven. It was time to get back to being a family again.

Unfortunately, Cathy came in too late to make the salad and set the table as she was supposed to do. In her weariness Marian could not be tactful.

"A fine one you are to talk," Cathy broke out angrily. "We don't even have a home any more."

"Can't you understand, Cathy, or don't you care that this has been a real emergency in my life? I'm sorry I couldn't finish your dress and sorry the house has been upset, but the community has its claims on people."

"Not on women with families, it doesn't!"

"Especially on women with families, Cathy." To her horror, her voice took on real edge.

Muttering that she would never sacrifice her family to any old community, Cathy flounced upstairs and slammed the door of her room. Marian suddenly realized that she hadn't seen the spreading skirts and confining jeans around the house lately. Cathy must have run into some kind of social squall for which she blamed her mother.

Not even the steaks and hot devils food could redeem the meal. Cathy was sullen and Marian herself could barely nibble. She was completely and utterly spent and felt queasy about food.

At the end of the dismal meal Martin ordered her to the sofa to catch a nap before the election returns began to come in. He and Jeff would do the dishes.

In her tension the idea of a nap seemed quite impossible. But somehow she fell into a heavy sleep.

Sorry to disturb you," Martin apologized. "But it's eight-thirty and there may be some news by now."

"Martin," she said desperately. "I hope I've lost."

"Nonsense. You're only tired."

The announcer's voice broke in. "Early returns indicate that the vote in the Board of Education contest was surprisingly heavy. Only four wards have reported as yet, but it looks as if the election is going to be very close."

Tabulations followed. As expected Scheller was well out in front. She was ahead of Hankins in two of the four wards, but by very small margins.

Jeff was listening with Martin. Marian went to the stairway to see if Cathy's radio was on. It was.

During the next hour and a half the announcer came in at intervals with

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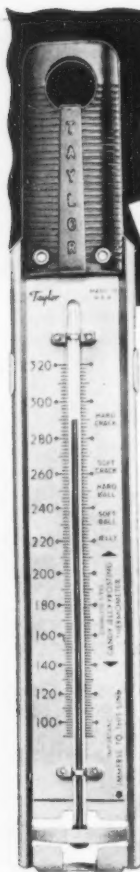
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new totals. During the whole time it was a seesaw between her and Hankins, first one then the other ahead. But she noticed with a sinking heart that the wards in the two big new subdivisions were not reported. That meant that the voting had been especially heavy in them.

At ten-thirty their returns came pouring in, and instantly the telephone rang. She stood up, trying to get herself together to answer congratulations on the triumph which at the moment seemed like doom falling upon her.

Suddenly Cathy confronted her, flushed and explosive. "Well, you've done it and I hope you're satisfied!" she cried in adolescent fury and without permitting a reply stormed back upstairs.

The telephone blazed again and Marian knew that she couldn't answer it. There was not strength in her even to pick up the receiver. Her arms weighed tons and a slow tear began to roll aimlessly down each cheek.

Martin came to her rescue by pushing her into a chair and taking the call.

"I'm sorry," she could hear him saying from a long way off, "she was so done in that she went to bed right after dinner. Thank you . . . very much."

As he put down the receiver, she knew she was going to be sick. He half-carried her up to the bathroom. The upheaval over, she sank into her bed.

Martin stood over her, looking anxious. "Get hold of yourself, honey. Everybody we know is going to be calling up or coming."

"Don't you think I'm trying?" she appealed weakly.

"What the devil's gone wrong with you? You haven't been faint since before Jeff was coming—" He stopped, and she could feel the idea go in.

"Good God, Marian, you're not!" She could only slide her head weakly up and down the pillow.

The telephone summoned again. After that it never left off. Like a distant refrain she could hear Martin repeating, "I'm sorry but she was so done in . . . Thank you . . . Drop in tomorrow evening and we'll celebrate."

During one of the longer conversations the door opened and Cathy slipped in. "I brought you some hot tea, Mother, and the ice bag."

By sheer will Marian was able to sit up. "Cathy, darling girl—"

That did it. Cathy began to wail that she was a selfish pig, she was, and she would try to be glad for the way the election had gone.

They were interrupted by Martin, who had seized a respite to bring news. "Binnie just called from the hospital to say she had a boy this afternoon and she can't tell whether she's happier about him or the election."

The words sank her again.

"Maybe I'd better call Ran Wells about you," Martin suggested uneasily.

"Mother, I feel just awful—"

In his distress Martin turned on her. "Young lady, you're going to have a chance to think about something besides your precious feelings—"

Over Cathy's shoulder Marian shook her head at him. The child had had shock enough for one night.

"I'm going to be all right now. I really am," she promised them, as the telephone clamored again.

Eventually things quieted down. The tea and the ice did their work. Cathy and Jeff went to bed. People made up their minds to wait till morning with their congratulations. The storm was over and she lay exhausted, trying to muster strength to take the first small step back to normality, that is, to get undressed and into bed.

Martin came in as she was finishing. He fell into a chair, muttering, "What a night!"

"I don't think I've ever been so ashamed and embarrassed as by fading out on you this way."

"Forget it. What concerns me is how long you've been carting this secret around with you."

"About three weeks. For certain, that is."

"And why didn't you tell me?"

"I wanted to. I longed to, but somehow I couldn't. I felt as if I were wrecking everybody's life."

"Wrecking?"

"For one thing, by not being able to get a job two or three years from now when the college bills start. And Cathy's at such a bad age for this to happen. And you need me. I began to feel that I could never stretch myself around everything."

He took off his shoes and set them neatly under the edge of his chair before he replied.

"For a smart woman you're sometimes remarkably stupid. Jeff's going to have scholarships galore. And if Cathy's really going to have those six children she's always talking about, a little training at home will come in right handy. Maybe even I can take to depending on

into the situation with whatever help I can offer. But I am limited by inadequate knowledge of each situation—and a sense of futility at the size of the problems and the hopelessness of trying to hand out advice like a packet of pills through the mails. As I read these letters, I am more and more aware of the lack of adequate services in Canada beyond our cities. I am also aware of the still limited number of answers we have at our disposal and the need for more research.

But however much I wish it, there is still no simple miracle cure. No matter how sorry I feel for the women who write to me, there is no sure method of remote control that will straighten out a life.

Every life brings its crises, hazards, challenges and frustrations. Sometimes it seems that the hands of justice blindly tip the scales in a disastrous and stupid direction and we rebel and ask ourselves

the office help. I've been practicing a bit lately, you know."

He loosened his tie and began unbuttoning his shirt. She tied the sash of her dressing gown. It might have been any night. The very ordinariness of it strengthened her. But not sufficiently for the sight of herself in the mirror. She looked devastated, every year of her forty-two and more. Tomorrow that haggard face must present the pleased and grateful mien of a victor to her friends and the public to which she was now beholden. She picked up her hairbrush.

In midstroke her hand stopped. "Martin," she asked, studying him intently in the mirror, "do you think I might resign?"

"Of course not. You'd be the laughingstock of the town."

"I will be anyway," she said in a small voice. "We'll seem so—absurd. Lots of people our age are grandparents, Martin."

"Now, I suspect, we have it. You've become a public figure of sorts and so the whole town will be amused by your unplanned baby."

"They'll count months on me, like a bride. To see if I knew."

"No doubt they will," he agreed.

She laid the brush down and turned around to face him. "And it is absurd. Going back to diapers and stroller with girls Binnie's age!"

Suddenly he leaned back in his chair and chuckled. "Of course it's absurd and our friends will kid us about it—I'm free to admit that at the moment it seems to me like some outlandish joke somebody has played on us. But it's more than that. Why, we're producing a frost blossom—proof that the sap still runs."

Somehow the words reached her. And with them memory of the peculiar joy and triumphant love she felt each autumn for the stray blossoms plucked just ahead of the first snowfall. The tender shoots of spring and the rich profusion of summer were delightful in their differing ways, but the late blooms had also a special enchantment.

The frost within her—the brittle and nerveless dread—dissolved in a sense of oncoming new life. For the first time in three weeks her old sense of competence stirred, feebly but enough to let her know that it was still there. She might be able to manage everything. Tremulously she smiled down at Martin. What a joke, what a delicious joke upon them! ♦

why this had to happen to us.

To some problems there really is no solution but to learn to live with them. Like a long-distance runner who loses a leg or a painter who suddenly goes blind, some of the hammer blows we receive completely smash the life we know, so that there is nothing to be done except pick ourselves up and start to build a new life with the pieces left to us. Some of the things that happen to us are much more subtle—a gradual erosion of our hopes and dreams that is even harder to understand or recognize.

It's a temptation, after a sudden, drastic disappointment in our lives, to commit partial suicide. It's natural, in our first state of shock, to cope with our problems by going through the motions of living in a zombie state. But it's a danger to restrict ourselves to this shadow living. We must, after the first shock, look about us

LEARN TO LIVE WITH YOURSELF

Continued from page 7

her pride and her partial happiness. There is the lonely spinster who has a small pension. An older man who is not too secure financially wants to marry her. Should she give up the security of her monthly cheque for the chance of happiness late in life? There is the woman married to an epileptic husband whose mind has gradually deteriorated and he is unable to work. She has five children, yet the doctor advises her to rest. There are women married to mental patients or the mothers of mental patients. There are women with young children who are dying of cancer.

In all these cases I would like to rush

to see what is left to us and then learn to use all other possible resources to the fullest advantage. Our measure of maturity is how well we relate ourselves to the possible in our lives.

There are some things we can do to help buttress ourselves against the knock-out blows we may have to receive.

Good, dependable friends are one of our first lines of defense. Don't surround yourself with people who like you because you are rich, or amusing or have good parties. Make sure you have at least one or two people you can depend on to rally around no matter what may happen to you or your life.

Develop one or two hobbies in which you can lose yourself as another buttress.

Mastering the mechanics of your life is another way to help you weather a storm. If you have your clothes, your house, and your timetable and budget under control, you have a feeling that some parts of your life are in order and this little area of confidence helps you with the main problem. Many a woman has kept her sanity in a crisis by doing a washing or cleaning out a cupboard.

But some people build up false buttresses. Some people assume an attitude of apathy as a defense against anxiety. When something goes wrong they say, "It's no more than I expected." But this expectation of imminent disaster can also prevent you from seeing the good fortune that might also come your way.

Another false way to try to build a safety net in your daily living is to try to bargain with life. As Spinoza said, "Whoever loveth God truly must not expect to be loved in return." Success and happiness don't necessarily follow good living.

Another good rule is to live in the present, not the future or the past. "When I am married," or "Once we have the children off our hands," or "Well, that's the way mother did it," are opiates that dull us to the possibilities of the good life right now.

But suppose, even facing the reality of the present moment and its limitations, you still don't know what to do or where to turn? Then you must seek out the resources available to you.

To begin with, don't talk about your problems to a gossip neighbor or an emotionally involved relative if you can help it. Go to your minister or doctor or talk to a trusted friend who will lend you a sympathetic and sensible ear. Then take an inventory of your assets and draw up a plan to help you overcome your difficulties. If you feel you need professional help write to your provincial department of health or ask your local doctor to find out how to get in touch with your public-health nurse or your mental-health clinic. Find out what help is available in your province—mother's allowances, pensions, hospitalization, etc.

More and more I realize the need in Canada for more public and private services. We have made wonderful progress in the welfare and mental-health fields but there are still many people who are far beyond the physical help of our services. I can see a time in the future when aid may be brought to people in isolated districts through mobile and air-borne clinics. In the meantime continue to write to me with your suggestions for future columns. By bringing your problems to light you can learn that they are not unique, you can interest some scientist to seek some new answers and interest some women's group to press for more services in Canada. ♦



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YOUR FIRST BABY

Continued from page 9

but an obstetrician knows the patient for twelve months during and after a pregnancy.

During these months of wonder and turmoil, there are several moments of what might be called total communication. The woman is absorbed in an honest inventory of her physical and spiritual resources and she often finds that she needs help. She is afraid, perhaps, that she lacks courage or the ability to love. She may be disappointed in herself because she is unmoved by marital love-making. She may have lost confidence in living. The heights of happiness to which an expectant mother may rise are well publicized; obstetricians alone know the depths.

Throughout the time that the doctor and patient are wrapped together in the miracle of a developing life, a spirit of trust and affection is possible. The doctor is able, operating on the sound base of this faith, to teach with lasting effect the rudiments of healthy living and to give counsel. It is an unusual woman who has sufficient inner co-ordination to adjust herself perfectly to her environment. A respected outsider like her obstetrician can sometimes brighten a black despondency with a single sentence. This is the most satisfying aspect of the practice of medicine.

One of the most valuable of the warnings that an obstetrician can give a mother waiting for her first child is that most babies are not a bit beautiful at birth. I sometimes suspect, looking at them, that the theory of original sin is true. I glance from the saintly strained face of the mother, beautiful with achievement, to the unlikely scrap of person she has produced. "Your baby," I tell her, "is adorable. He looks just like your husband."

"But you've never seen my husband," the mother protests.

"Nevertheless, I'm sure of it," I assure her firmly.

Occasionally we deliver a baby who, because of dehydration, has the wizened and wise face of a prophet. He opens fathomless eyes and looks at me accusingly. "Don't look at me like that," I protest. "I had nothing to do with you being here."

Sometimes we deliver a baby who is truly beautiful, which seems to us like compounding a miracle. Sometimes we deliver a baby with a handicap. In many of these cases no decision is required from the doctor — the baby is either healthy and strong and will survive without special attention or else is frail and dies immediately. Others are border-line cases, infants in whom life can be supported if the staff works feverishly. My wisdom isn't sufficient to make a judgment that will let a flickering life die; we work to save the infant.

The good obstetrician a few years ago was the doctor who put his patient under heavy sedation the moment she arrived in the hospital and kept her totally unconscious throughout the entire process. The mothers awakened the next morning with no recollection at all of participating in a birth. The pendulum has swung the other way now and many mothers are enthusiastic about "natural" childbirth, without any sedation at all. I heartily approve of a woman's being conscious throughout the birth because it is the

highest fulfillment she will ever know and she shouldn't miss it. But how natural should childbirth be? This is the decision only an obstetrician can make, not an overeager patient and her friends. The criterion of good obstetrical care, in my opinion, is a live mother who is not damaged in any way that will require a future operation or cause a chronic complaint.

In order to ensure that there will not be any such residual liability, the doctor must be free to give whatever treatment might be necessary — which very commonly means instruments and stitches. I prefer for my patients a local anesthetic, which leaves them brightly awake but doesn't inhibit my decisions. However, every case is different. Just remember that no amount of good prenatal care, relaxing exercises or freedom from fear will ever replace a well-trained doctor at the time of delivery.

The first baby is generally a shredding disillusionment. The mother has expected to feel lighter than air, to hold her infant in the mood of mutual adoration best illustrated in religious paintings and to be worshiped by her husband. Instead she is tired to her marrow; she has after-pains, agony from her stitches and aching bones. Her husband is nowhere to be found when she returns to her room—he's generally down the hall phoning everyone he knows. The baby isn't the sex she expected and is definitely unattractive no matter how hard she tries to convince herself otherwise. The final insult comes later when she finds that her baby has no loving instinct for nursing at all and has to be taught the basic element of survival.

Your own personality changes

It usually takes forty-eight hours to be truly lit up about a baby, though some women have postnatal attacks of the blues three or four days later. By that time the aftermath of pain is over, the baby is nursing in his own groggy fashion, flowers have been pouring into the room, the husband's pride and concern have healed all wounds and the mother observes that her figure is close to normal.

Mothers of first babies are apt to feel that the infants are fragile as blown glass. Actually the baby is in better shape than the mother. "You should see what I did to him in the delivery room," I remark, remembering the manipulations that accompanied the birth. The mother looks doubtful and I know her pediatrician is in for a busy time. If she can't hear her baby breathe she knows he's dead and if he breathes noisily she's sure he has pneumonia. One of my first night calls, at three in the morning, was to treat a baby who turned out to be suffering from hiccups.

Women who are having their first babies can expect a number of surprises, not the least of which is the personality change that accompanies pregnancy. The best illustration of this that I know is a minister's wife who was a patient of mine for her first pregnancy. One afternoon she came to me in a state of high alarm.

"Doctor," she whispered, "I'm worried about my baby." "Your baby!" I exclaimed. "The heartbeat is just fine, the baby is developing beautifully. What on earth can be troubling you?"

"Well," she continued, in a voice approaching the inaudible. "For the first time in our marriage, I find myself extremely — ah — desirous. I'm afraid the baby will be lewd."

I still chuckle at this absurdly enchanting story. I assured the woman that her

baby would not be lewd because of her behavior and explained that she was involved in the phenomenon of personality change during pregnancy. It was my unhappy responsibility to warn her that her warmth toward love-making would be as transient as her pregnancy, to the day.

I'm astonished how few people know about this dramatic change, which is as normal a part of childbearing as the change of figure. Their lack of preparation for it can have tragic results. I remember the stern young husband who came to me filled with outrage at his wife's despondency. "When we first married I thought we were in perfect agreement that we would have a big family," he told me, beginning to seethe again. "Now she's pregnant and she does nothing but moan around the house and weep. She doesn't want a baby at all, but she

nancies began, they would be wretched in spirit and consequently ill in body. I used to believe that these were the symptoms of a submerged resentment, just as the severe young husband had suspected, but they are not. Such women are no more masters of their queasy stomachs and gloom than they are of their girth. Their misery is increased by the strangeness of the new personality that has taken over. "I used to be cheerful in the morning," one young mother-to-be told me, watching the ceiling fixedly so she wouldn't cry. "Now I wake up wishing I was dead. I really want this baby so why do I feel so blue?"

Just to complicate the puzzle of pregnancy's freak despair, many women who are normally limp and passive will become for the duration of their childbearing zestful and passionate. They are glowing, feel no fatigue and are likely to smile brilliantly at strangers. One middle-aged patient confessed to me, with impish glee, that when no one was watching she found herself skipping — bulk and all. This same warmth is spilled over in love-making, to the delight and astonishment of the husbands.

Women who get this happy reaction from pregnancy are often accredited with marvelous virtues that are only temporarily in their possession. "She must be a natural-born mother," the neighborhood agrees. "She's radiant with kindness and affection." She's radiant all right, but with the intoxicating effect she is getting from glandular change.

There is no permanent reality in either the pregnant woman who bounces with joy or the one who droops. It is part of the nature of childbearing and no one can predict which mood will devour a woman for her nine months as a perambulating incubator. This is the main reason I urge my newlywed patients to delay their first baby for a year or two until their marriage has developed sturdiness. Adjustment to conjugal living is difficult enough without introducing the extra hazard of pregnancy's split-personality effects. Most obstetricians, strangely enough, are more worried by a patient who gets too gay a reaction from her pregnancy than by one who vomits, weeps and staggers. With the birth of a baby, the reaction sets in and the woman who has been creeping around in misery feels new energy and exhilaration. She recovers her normal spirits and happily tends her new infant.

The champagne-hangover stage

She's no concern at all but her sister, whose feet haven't touched ground for nine months, is in a bad way. Her almost hysterical energy has vanished, her former vivacity looks like soggy confetti on a dirty street and the project of caring for seven pounds of damp and noisy humanity looks insupportable. Her husband may be saddened to discover that her former attitude to love-making has returned, in all its mildness. The first few months after the baby's birth take on some of the characteristics of a champagne hangover.

Because those patients whom I privately call my floaters are going to suffer a dismaying reaction, I feel it important to prepare them. "You're going to come down after this baby is born," I warn them as they bounce around the office grinning at themselves. I go on warning them, but I suspect I'm talking to myself. I don't have any better luck with the patients for whom pregnancy is one long,

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still keeps insisting that she does. I don't know what to make of her."

I did, and I tried to describe it. Pregnancy is accompanied by hormone change, emotional excitement and a twinge of panic, a churning turmoil that is exhausting. During the early months of pregnancy many normally ebullient women are saturated with a lassitude that penetrates their very bones. They fall asleep at inelegant moments, like in the middle of a party or on top of their typewriters, and they have a marked tendency to mope. This attitude is out of their control, a truth that obstetricians recognized many years ago without understanding its cause.

Many times early in my practice I cared for women who seemed to me to have been consummate liars. They would describe with tender faces how they longed for children and how their arms ached to hold a baby. Later, when their preg-

weary wake. "You're going to feel glorious when the birth is over," I told one such woman who was sagging greenly into my office chair. "I'll never make it," she replied coldly.

These kinds of effect represent the extreme poles to which pregnancy can fling a female. Most women have a more moderate pregnancy, a little depressed possibly some days and a little elated on others but usually unaffected by the growth within blooming gently.

The most distressing force in pregnancy is fear. While the mother-to-be chats gaily with her relatives, shrieks with delight at baby showers and brightly tells her doctor that everything is fine, her insides are convulsed and cold with fear. This is particularly true of the first baby. The greatest of all the fears a woman can know is the fear of the unknown. This fear is never so acute and awful as with a first pregnancy. The woman's life will be altered forever by the thing moving inside her, but how altered? What will the thing look like? How does labor feel? Will she be able to bear the pain and responsibility ahead? The woman has lost control over her future; motherhood is about to happen to her whether she is ready or not. Panic chokes her but she goes on pretending to be carefree.

It is the role of an obstetrician to get these fears out into the open. A buried fear can actually cause a severe inertia during labor and will certainly prolong the process unmercifully. Nothing so withers fear as examination. No one should ever be afraid alone. It is the worst form of loneliness and the most corrosive.

Like carrying a golf bag

Most women having their first babies are working. They tell me they plan to continue working until they "show," an expression that I find exceedingly ugly. Ideally obstetricians would have them quit work during the first three months and work during the middle three. This is obviously impractical so we compromise by stressing the importance of extra rest. Working or not, every pregnant woman should get two hours of bonus rest daily.

It is ridiculous to pretend to a woman in her first pregnancy that the months ahead will be ones of unmitigated delight. Pregnancy is uncomfortable, to say the least. The stretching and moving of the muscles and joints, the vigorous activity of an infant impatient for birth and the awkwardness of the lopsided silhouette are all matters that cannot be readily dismissed. The most exasperating moments undoubtedly occur at bedtime, when the woman is trying to rest her complaining frame. She can't lie on her stomach, which may have been her favorite position, and she can't get her breath when lying on her back. She settles for her side but when she wants to roll over she may need help. To make matters worse, she's almost certain to have to get up to go to the bathroom just as soon as she finally gets settled.

Husbands have a habit of assuming that because childbearing is a natural function for women some internal arrangement absorbs all the discomfort. Many of them thinly veil their suspicions that their wives are complaining about trivia. I'm not fond of constantly wailing women myself but I hasten to suggest that men could get some idea of the burden of pregnancy if they would consider carrying a twenty-pound golf bag

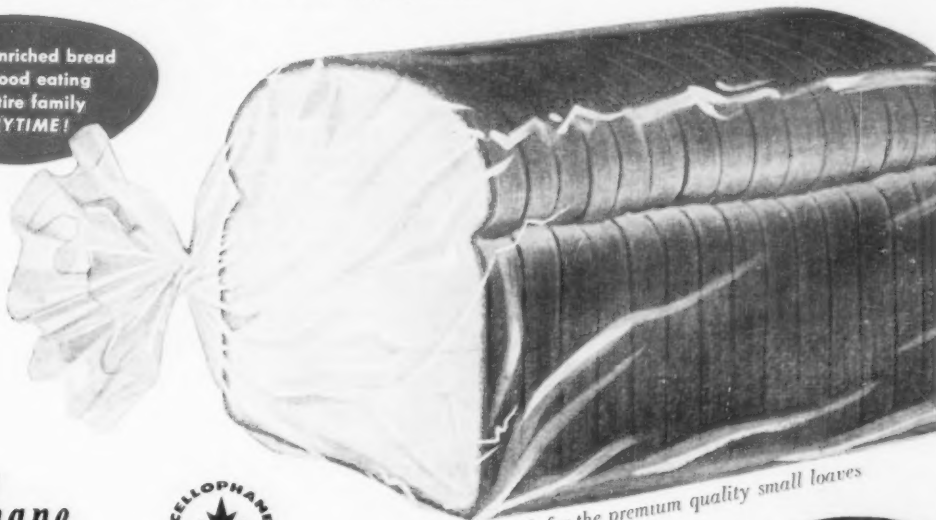
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around with them day and night without being able to shift it or set it aside for an instant.

It is vital that the two months before the baby is expected be dedicated to rest because the convulsive effort of childbirth is going to require a vast reservoir of strength and endurance. Those weeks before the trip to the hospital are no time for the exhaustive housecleaning and marathon sewing dear to some home-loving but short-sighted souls.

I do advocate, for the woman who has been working, that the final months of her pregnancy be spent in learning a new trade: housework. An efficient system for doing a laundry, maintaining tidiness and preparing a meal is vital. The alternative, after the baby arrives, is pure chaos. Last week's ironing will gather mold while the carrots boil dry and empty baby bottles disturb the dust on the coffee table. The distraught woman at the core of such a situation unfortunately blames the baby and resents every demand he makes on her. It isn't the baby's fault, of course, but he's too small and unhappy to point this out.

Some of the most bedraggled humans I know are the women who are caring for infants for the first time. Their sleep is interrupted every night and they rarely miss a sunrise. They try to keep two sets of hours—an adult schedule of all-day wakefulness and late-night television viewing and an infant's whimsical notion of stirring together waking and sleeping in a twenty-four-hour caldron.

Uninterrupted sleep is impossible and the only solution this side of a breakdown is to join the baby's routine. He's thriving on his system of connected catnaps and so will his mother.

Some women suffer a real trauma during their first six weeks with a new baby. I've heard many say, "I've never been the same since my baby was born," and the implication is that the baby is to blame. He isn't at fault at all—the mother is

suffering from defeat. She failed to cope with her child and she is ridden by frustration, fatigue and a sense of incompetence. Looking back, she can only see that the turning point came with the birth of the baby.

Here is a tragedy that can blight the lives of both mother and child. The first necessity of motherhood is acceptance of its vicissitudes: erratic unreasonable hours, exhaustion, anxiety and loneliness. These drawbacks are natural companions to motherhood, but impermanent.

The next necessity for every new mother is a baby sitter. Even while she is nursing her baby, it's vital that she be able to slip away from her home for an hour or two with her husband. The couple need to re-establish communications beyond the pull of the demanding little person in the crib. When the nursing period is finished, around the fourth month, the husband and wife should try to go away together for two or three days.

This is the most important point I have to make about babies: they are mere incidents in a marriage. Marriage is a relationship between man and woman that may last for fifty or sixty years. Children will come and go but the main plank remains the same. Women must always care for the needs of their husband ahead of their children. In such a home, the children and marriage will blossom. If a woman puts her children first, the children become demanding, the husband disinterested and the wife frenzied. The health of the home will perish.

A major difficulty in the months that follow the birth of a baby is that the mother experiences a temporary lull in her sexual desire. She is tired and distracted and her body is preoccupied with a major metabolic change. This same freakish frigidity occurs during menopause and I suspect it constitutes a major threat to a marriage.

I'm distressed when these new mothers lightly explain, "My husband is so under-

standing these days. He doesn't make any, you know, demands on me." It isn't that I'm a cynic—I'm a doctor and I know that this is an unnatural state of affairs. I'm concerned that the husband's need, which is only submerged and not vanished at all, will demonstrate itself at some inopportune time, when his wife may not be present but someone else is. Nature has no high-minded code.

I am also troubled that these so-called "good" husbands, who prompted by sincere consideration are making no overtures to their wives, will come to resent either the wives or their babies as the weeks of abstinence roll by.

It's criminal to cling

Wives must be more sensitive to the needs of husbands, which don't vary with paternity. The women must also be sensitive to their own need to be loved and fulfilled. The period after a baby is born is one in which the new mother must be watchful that the true value of her life, which is her marriage, isn't disturbed. If she isn't careful and, if need be, a good actress, she may lose it all.

When the mother takes up the threads of ordinary living after the nursing period, she has new richness and maturity to last all her days. Her sense of importance and achievement gives her a new confidence. But all these hard-won trophies will be tarnished if the mother clings to the cocoon she has been sharing with her baby. Some women clutch at this happy time of complete dependency and domination and try to perpetuate it. Such covetous and unwholesome grasping cripples the child emotionally. The only way to keep the love and warmth of a child is to let him go when he is ready.

I want to add that this releasing of a child is just as vital in the case of adopting mothers. Women who adopt babies have special gifts from life—the joy of the phone call that notifies them that their child is waiting for them and the giddy

and unself-conscious way they can stand off and admire the baby as though he were an *objet d'art*. The special hazard in adopting is that the child is sometimes regarded as too precious to set free. It's a criminal act for an adult to cling to a child—any adult, any child.

Not long ago I delivered the baby of a favorite patient of mine who had been told when she was only a girl that she could never have a child. She nevertheless wanted a baby desperately. Her pregnancy was dreadfully difficult and dangerous; she was ill most of the time. When her baby girl was born, the expression of blinding glory on the mother's face caused a moment of cathedral-like hush in the delivery room. Two months later the baby died.

When I saw the mother again I kept my tone gentle, but I have certain convictions about such things. "You wouldn't have missed that experience for anything, would you?" I asked.

She shook her head. "Doctor, I'm only sorry for you. You worked so hard and now you have nothing. I had my baby, but you have nothing."

"Don't worry about me," I replied. "I have the memory of your face in the delivery room."

The act of childbirth can light up a woman's life and it is immaterial to that experience whether or not the mother has her baby afterward. This is what I try to tell my unmarried mothers who must give up their infants for adoption and it is a truth that holds even when a first baby doesn't survive. The drama of birth, the torment wrapped with exultation beyond self, is the truest and finest moment a woman can know. It is the trial by fire that gives a soldier inner dignity to sustain him all his life. It grants a woman a piercing, dazzling pride in herself that may become dim but never dingy.

The reason for the smile on the Mona Lisa has always been clear to me. ♦

GO WITH THE LOVELY LADIES, SUSIE

Continued from page 11

locket and the two faces smiled at her.

The cab had left the city now and was humming across the bridge and into the hills and between the hills Susie could see patches of blue water where the bay washed. She tried to remember the turns and curves of the hills so she could find her way home again, but the miles kept flying back and away and her stomach kept fluttering and her heart kept pounding and she had to press her lips hard so she couldn't cry. Big girls didn't cry, her mother had told her. Susie was a big girl. She was five years old.

The cab raced up a hill and down again and then it twirled around a dirt road, round and round. And then the cab pulled up a long gravel road and stopped before a high wire fence. She didn't see the large square white house with the wide colonial door because she was looking at the high wire fence with the sturdy iron gate that was securely locked. She'd never, never be able to run away from that house.

The cab stopped before the high wire gate and the cabman pressed a button. In a few moments a buzzer sounded and he

opened the gate. He came over and picked up Susie's luggage.

Mother bent down and kissed her. "Please don't make any more trouble," she said. "Mother is so unhappy over this separation."

So was Susie. She picked up her Teddy bear and hugged him.

The cabman got back in the car to wait for her mother. He smoked a cigarette. Her father smoked a pipe. Her mother used to fill his pipe for him and he'd call her "his golden daffydill." That was because she was so giddy and her name was Daphne. And she'd call him "Birdie" because his name was Robin. Now they called each other "you."

Her mother took Susie's hand and they walked up the broad steps of the white house.

Her mother rang the bell and the sound chimed from the back of the house. Sometimes (in other houses where Susie had boarded) you didn't hear any chime or bell, but the door would suddenly pop open and a face would say, "Yes?" They were all faces to Susie.

This face didn't say anything. It had hair in the nose. Her father had hair on his face. If he didn't cut it off every night he'd look like a bear.

Her mother said, "Howdoyoudo, Miss Burton. I phoned you about Susie. This is Susie."

The face said, "Follow me, please."

Her white dress crackled just like popcorn, but it didn't smell like popcorn. It smelled like the disinfectant you threw in the sink. The dress snapped down the hall and into a small room with a table and two chairs. Susie went to the window and watched some little girls playing in a sandbox. Suddenly, Miss Burton thrust up the window and clapped her hands. "Children, children!" She smiled at Susie. "Little ladies are never noisy, are they?"

Susie hadn't heard any noise. Only some children laughing. And she didn't know any little ladies. Only Judith Ann and Mary Louise.

Miss Burton spoke over Susie's head. "She's five, you said? Small for her age, isn't she? These children are either so polite that it hurts, or they are one big trouble."

Susie's throat hurt. She was a trouble, a great big trouble.

"And they either chatter all the time—kind of a nervousness, I suppose—or they don't talk at all." She moved some papers on the table. "I can see that the child is well behaved—which is good because I only take well-behaved cases."

Susie was a case. Once, the doctor had looked into her mouth and said, "Those tonsils will have to come out. This is a hospital case."

Susie twisted Teddybear's head round and round and Miss Burton made a

clucking sound with her tongue. "Such a thing to do! Is she destructive? I can't take destructive children, you know." Her eyebrows humped up like startled caterpillars.

Her mother's cheeks grew pink and her mouth trembled. "She isn't, really. Ordinarily she's very amenable, but lately—since I've had to board her out—she does things..."

"...Things..."

Her mother pressed her gloved hands together. "She runs away all the time. I mean... every time I find someone who has room for her, she runs away..." She cried softly in her gloved hand.

"Oh? Oh!" Miss Burton's mouth opened with shock. "You poor thing! How you must worry!"

"Oh I do, I do. Six times in the past month. I'm almost out of my mind with worry! That's why I gave her that locket—in case anyone picks her up they can—" She twisted a lace handkerchief. "Would you believe it, but once she was picked up by a horse!"

"No!"

"In a purple veil and long black earrings!"

She didn't look like a horse at all. She was a very pretty fancy lady with a beautiful red mouth, and she didn't even smell like a horse. Uncle Dan had a horse and he didn't smell like the fancy lady. She said, "What you doin' out three o'clock in

the mornin'? You runnin' away maybe?"

Susie nodded.

"What kind of folks you got, you runnin' away?"

Susie opened her locket. "In here. They're in here."

The woman lit a match. "Well, well," she said. "Guess you better come home with me." She took Susie's hand. "What you got there—a Teddy bear? I never had a Teddy bear." She clipclopped along the street. She walked away from the streetlights. They came to a high dark house and walked up some high dark stairs. The woman put her to bed. Susie was always going to bed. The woman sat in a rocking chair looking at her. Then she reached over and took Teddybear. "I never had a Teddy bear," she said. She held him very tight and began to rock him.

In the morning she fried some bacon and eggs and boiled a pot of black coffee. "Eat up," she said. She didn't look so pretty now, or so fancy. She had on an old robe and slippers that flopped when she walked. She looked old and tired, and Susie shoved Teddybear across the table. "You can have him," she said and the woman began to cry.

"Thanks, Susie, but I couldn't take him—what would you have then?"

"I got a locket," Susie said.

The woman nodded. And then she banged on the table. "Yeah. You got a locket!" And then she ran to the wall telephone and dialed a number. And then she began shouting, "In the kid's locket! You got her tagged like a dog! Now you come get her before I change my mind!"

Her mother came quick, you bet. She was awful mad. The woman just laughed. She gave Susie a powder box and a long jet earring. Her mother threw them on the

floor. The woman gave Susie her Teddy bear. "You gotta have sumthin'," she said. When they got home, her mother scrubbed Teddybear with soap and water. Susie buried her nose in the ragged fur and watched her mother and Miss Burton under the fringe of her long dark lashes.

"—And then I heard about you, Miss Burton. I'm sure she can't run away from here."

"Hardly," Miss Burton said dryly, "unless she's a monkey."

Her mother handed Miss Burton an envelope. "I think you'll find it all here."

Miss Burton opened the envelope, took out some paper money and made a note in a book on the table. Her hair was very dark under her white cap. Mother's hair was golden all over, except at the scalp where it showed red.

"You can be assured that Susie will be well fed, kept clean, and disciplined whenever necessary. Not unkindly, I might add. We have a thinking room where they go to meditate." She smiled at Susie.

Her father had a thinking room too. He'd pick up his evening paper and grin. "Guess I'll do some thinking," and then he'd go into the bathroom.

Miss Burton stood up. "We prefer you see the child only once a week. You may take her for a full day, or you may visit here. We have lovely reading rooms and lovely gardens."

Everything was lovely.

Her mother was crying. Miss Burton said, "Steady."

"All this is so hard on me," her mother said, crying in her handkerchief.

"I know, I know."

Her mother sobbed woefully. "Only a mother knows the sorrow that children



Why your child needs your help when pimples strike

by MARCELLA HOLMES
NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY

(former beauty editor of "Glamour" magazine)

Of all the mail that reaches a beauty editor's desk, there is none so urgent as letters from adolescent girls with pimples. That's why I want to alert mothers to the double dangers of this problem. Specialists warn that pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can cause permanent damage to a child's personality. And everyone knows that acne-type pimples, if neglected, can leave permanent scars on the skin.

Is there a way you can help your child? Yes, thanks to CLEARASIL, a mod-

ern, scientific medicated formulation especially for pimples. In actual clinical tests, CLEARASIL brought positive relief in a high percentage of cases.

Greaseless, fast drying, antiseptic... CLEARASIL dries pimples surprisingly fast. Ends embarrassment immediately because CLEARASIL is skin-colored to hide pimples as it works. Must work for you as it did in clinical tests or money back. Only 69¢ and \$1.19 at all drug-gists.

Special Offer: Send name, address and 15¢ in coins or stamps for generous trial size of Clearasil. Mail to Clearasil, Dept. RR, 429 St. Jean Baptiste St., Montreal.

Johnson's Beautiflor cleans as it waxes



As you apply it,
off comes the dirt,
on goes the wax.
Then buff lightly
... and your waxing
is done!



Here's the quicker, easier way to have beautifully waxed wood floors. No tiring pre-scrubbing is necessary! Beautiflor's exclusive dry-cleaner formula actually removes many marks and stains soap and water won't budge. And as it cleans, Beautiflor lays down a coat of genuine wax that buffs to a deep, rich lustre. Try Beautiflor—discover how much easier it makes the job of keeping your wood floors spotlessly clean and wax-polished!

Beautiflor... quicker to do... easier on you!
FOR WOOD FLOORS.

can bring . . . the tears I've shed over Susie."

Miss Burton's long face reddened; she looked away and her eyes became pained with a secret memory. "Women like you," she said quietly, "weep for the children they have, while women like me . . . weep for the children they never had."

"I'm sorry," her mother said.

"I'll try to be both mother and father to Susie," Miss Burton said, looking at Susie with a wistful glance.

Judith Ann had three mothers, and Mary Louise had four fathers.

Her mother stood up; she rearranged her coat. "That's just fine—if you'll remember that I am Susie's mother. And don't let her forget that either."

Miss Burton stared. "I'll give you a receipt for Susie," she said.

The playground was enclosed by a high wire fence and locked with a tall gate. Susie walked around the fence from one end to the other. She tested the big gate and rattled the big lock. She pressed her nose against the wire fence, peering up the long gravel path, seeing her mother get into the cab and drive away. She wasn't crying any more; she was smoking a cigarette which, she always said, "settled the nerves." Poor mother. She had so many nerves and she smoked so many cigarettes. Susie poked an exploring shoe into the wire fence, but the mesh was too tiny for her to secure a toe-hold. And then she stood and looked at the fence. She was trapped good and proper this time; she'd never, never get home again.

She wandered down the garden path until she came to the back of the house. Three little girls were playing under the stairs with their dolls. Under the stairs was their house. Susie knelt down and peered in. They stared back at her. She dusted her dress, and went over to the sandbox and sat on a low swing. She sat very still. She could hear the little girls playing grownup. "I'm sick and tired of all your whining about no money!" And the other said, "Oh, yeah? And I'm sick and tired of your family!" They were all sick and tired of something. Susie reached up and felt the gold locket around her neck. She opened the locket and the two faces smiled at her.

The window opened and Miss Burton called, "Time for lunch, girls."

They all went into the house. They all washed their faces and combed their hair. They all followed Miss Burton into the dining room. They were having rice and milk for lunch. Susie didn't like rice. She didn't like anything slippery. Miss Burton looked at Susie. "Say grace, dear," she said, and Susie said, "Grace."

The other girls giggled and Miss Burton tapped on the table. She looked at Susie. "Don't you know grace?"

Susie shook her head. She only knew Judith Ann and Mary Louise.

"Tsk, ts, ts," Miss Burton said.

After lunch they brushed their teeth and marched out to the playground until it was time for a nap. The little girls played quietly with their dolls. Susie's Teddy bear was in Miss Burton's office; he was furry and warm and nice to hold. The rice was gooeey and cold and there was no plate to throw up into. She began to shiver and then she threw up. One of the little girls shrieked, "Susie threw up, Susie threw up!"

Miss Burton crackled into the yard. "Oh oh oh," she said.

"I didn't mean it," Susie cried, "I didn't mean it!" She ran around the yard

with Miss Burton after her. She ran into the house. She hid under the table.

Miss Burton got down on her knees. "Susie, come out! It's all right. Come out, come out!" She reached under the table and dragged Susie out. She picked Susie up and carried her upstairs and gave her a bath and tucked her into bed and all the time Miss Burton was crying. Susie felt terrible.

"I won't do it any more; I won't do it any more!" she promised, and Miss Burton said, "It's all right, Susie. It isn't anything you've done."

She leaned down and kissed Susie. "Can I get you anything?"

Susie shook her head. "I got a locket," she said.

Miss Burton stared out the window. "Yes, I know," she said, "you have a locket."

She slept all afternoon and then Miss Burton brought her some scrambled eggs. Her mother and father were eggs. "I'm not hungry," she said.

"You'll be all right when you get adjusted,"

Susie brightened. "Can I have some now?"

"Some what?"

"Some adjus—what you said."

Miss Burton fairly burst out of the room and into the hall. There was a telephone on a small table and Susie heard her say, "Walter, will you marry me

★ ★ ★

THE DEFENSE RESTS

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

**Certainly Junior washed his hands.
He has evidence to prove it
Right there on the towel . . . in fact,
it makes
His case so airtight I'll bet it takes
A pint of bleach to remove it!**

★ ★ ★

now? Please, please, please, marry me! I cannot take any more of these cases!"

Susie was a case.

She fell asleep again and now it was quite dark. The three little girls came in with Miss Burton. When they were in their nightgowns, Miss Burton said, "And now we'll say our prayers." The little girls knelt on the floor. Miss Burton knelt on the floor. Susie stayed in bed.

Miss Burton looked at her. "Are you still sick?"

"No."

"Then come and say your prayers."

Susie closed her eyes. Teddybear was all alone.

"Don't you want to say your prayers?"

"She don't know 'em, that's why," said one of the little girls.

"Hush. Of course she does. Begin, girls."

Miss Burton had forgotten to close the closet door. Susie's clothes hung on a rod, blues and pinks and yellows. "Susie looks like a gypsy," her mother always said, "and I want her to look like a flower."

"You're a daffydill," her father said.

Teddybear was lonely.

"Say the next line, Susie—you know it—"

Susie shook her head.

"Say it! 'As we forgive those who trespass against us!'"

The moonlight filtered through the Venetian blinds and made long bars across Susie's bed.

After Miss Burton turned out the

light and closed the door, the little girls lay whispering in the dark. Gradually the whisperings faded into quiet breathing, but still Susie lay taut and listening, her eyes, accustomed now to the dark, studying the position of every chair, every piece of furniture, fixing them in her mind. And when the whole house had finally settled for the night, she slid out of bed and dressed. Dressing in the dark was easy; she'd done it so many times. Then she opened the bedroom door and tiptoed down the long dark hall.

The front door was barred with a chain and a bolt. Her mother's door had a chain and a bolt too and when her father came home she'd open the door and rattle the chain and her father would bug out his eyes and she'd squeal and say, "What's the password?" and he'd say, "Love you, baby," and she'd slip the bolt and he'd burst in and catch her in his arms and she'd squeal, pretending to escape, and he'd laugh and then they'd get very quiet with their faces together.

Susie slipped the bolt in the door and let the chain down carefully so it wouldn't rattle. She pushed the door back all the way and held it until she knew it wouldn't bang shut. Once, when she boarded with one of those other lovely ladies her mother had found for her, the door had banged shut before she could get away and the lovely lady had caught her and shook her and plopped her into bed. And then the lovely lady had shouted over the phone, "I do the best I can! If she don't want to stay here, she can go! I can't watch her every minute! I gotta sleep!"

Miss Burton was sleeping now.

Susie had a key to her mother's door. She'd slipped it off the key ring. There wouldn't be a chain on the door now because her father had yanked it off and shouted, "—Sour! the whole thing's gone sour!" Now how could a chain go sour?

Once out the door she fairly flew down the broad wooden steps and into the shadow of the arched maple trees. The night air blew tears in her eyes. She wasn't afraid, not really. And she really wasn't crying.

Suddenly, behind her, the front door banged and almost immediately a light flashed in the upper windows. She threw a frightened glance toward the big gate in the high wire fence. She couldn't unlock the gate and she couldn't climb over the high wire fence. Miss Burton would race down the stairs and grab her and shake her and plop her back into bed. And then she'd shout over the phone, "Come get your daughter!" and her mother would have to find another lovely lady to take care of Susie.

By now the lights were all over the place and Susie, not knowing what else to do, ran to the back of the house and hid under the stairs. It was very dark under the stairs, and cold, and Susie pulled herself into a tight little ball and hid her face in her knees. She could hear Miss Burton calling, "Susie, Susie, Susie," and she sounded as though she was crying. After a long while the calling stopped and Susie burrowed deeper under the stairs, and when the grey morning lifted and the sun came out she heard automobiles squeal into the front yard and screech to a stop. And then there were feet, many feet, running about, and voices talking high and excited. She peeked through a crack in the stairs and there was her mother crying in her father's arms.

"I can't take any more! I can't keep getting hurt like this any more!" And he saying, "Baby, baby, it's all my fault. I'll

never let you be hurt again. I'll do anything, anything, anything!"

"All this trouble," her father said, "because two people never grew up."

Susie was a trouble.

Then they all went into the house.

Susie crept out from under the stairs and raced toward the now open gate. She held Teddybear by the tail and he bumped at her legs. Then, suddenly, she heard one of the little girls scream, "There she is! There she is!" and they were all upon her before she could escape.

Her mother kissed her; her father kissed her and then they kissed each other. Miss Burton kissed her. Everybody was very happy. Miss Burton stood on the front porch and waved to her.

"Good-by, Susie, good-by."

"Good-by, Miss Burton, good-by, good-by."

Her mother and father were happy. They sat together, all three of them in the front seat of the car. Susie was in the middle. They smiled over her head and said, darling, darling, darling, to each other. Whenever her father had to stop for a red signal, they leaned over her head and kissed each other. Everybody was happy. Susie told herself, everybody except the fancy lady in the purple veil. She wished she'd left Teddybear with her so she would have something to hold when she sat alone in her empty room.

When they got home, Susie was tucked into bed. Susie was always going to bed. Even though it was daylight she didn't mind. She was home.

She slid out of bed and went to the top of the stairs where she could look down into the room below. Mother was sitting on Daddy's lap and he was tweaking her nose.

"Happy, little daffydill!"

"Birdie—yes!"

"How about a trip somewhere—just you and me?"

"What about Susie?"

Oh yes. What about Susie. She held Teddybear very tight. She twisted his eye round and round in his head.

"If we got someone permanent—"

Her mother got a permanent every three months. Her mother was a daffydill.

"I'm tired of these young women," her mother said. "Let's get an old woman—someone who will appreciate a good home."

Old woman. Old, old, old woman. She'd have a bent back and long black teeth and when the wind howled she'd go "Heh heh heh . . ." Susie shivered in her gown.

"Now it's all settled," her mother said. "We'll get an old woman and we'll take a trip—maybe a cruise?"

A cruise would be fine. Everything was fine now.

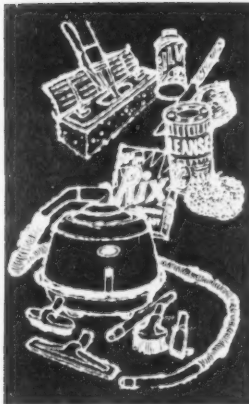
Her mother and father were dancing together and her mother's skirt flared out like bright yellow petals.

Susie went back to bed. She made a tent out of the blankets and burrowed deep under. She turned Teddybear on his face. "Go to sleep," she said. "Tomorrow an old woman with long black teeth is going to take care of us."

She humped the blankets up so that a little light came into her tent. "Good-by, Mother," she said, "good-by, good-by . . . good-by, Daddy, good-by, good-by . . ."

She wasn't frightened—not really. And she wasn't one bit lonely. Didn't she have her locket?

She opened her locket. And the two faces smiled at her. ♦



CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Helps You Clean House

Freshen paper flowers

Dust paper-flower arrangements by using a damp pipe cleaner twisted into a narrow oval shape. This will allow you to get into those hard-to-reach places that collect the dust so easily. To renew the color of faded petals, use a water-color brush and tint the edges with a vegetable-coloring solution.

Wax-candle stains

Candle drippings on tablecloths are often an aftermath of Christmas. Carefully scrape off the wax with a spatula. For spots left by white wax, place the spotted part between blotters and press with a warm iron. If the wax is colored, sponge the spot with perchlorethylene, rubbing gently from the outer edges of the stain toward the centre.

For clean piano keys

Rub them with a soft cloth that has been dipped in denatured alcohol, available at any drug counter.

Crayon-marked walls

If the children have been trying out their Christmas crayons on your wall-paper, first scrape off as much of the wax as possible without harming the paper. A new grease-spot remover in paste form is now available in Canada. Apply a layer of this to the crayon marks, allow to dry and then brush away the residue. One application should be sufficient.

Ways to clean windows

Glass windows and mirrors are a breeze to keep sparkling with spray-type window cleaners, but if you happen to run short, use plain bluing water. For very dirty windows, add 1 tablespoon ammonia or washing soda to a pail of water. If you use a detergent solution follow the washing with a rinse. A lintless cloth brings out the shine best, but use crumpled newspaper if all your cloths are dirty. Surprising as it may seem, the newsprint doesn't rub off.

No greasy light switches

Switch plates for lights, covered with flat paint, collect grease and perspiration stains, and constant cleaning washes off the flat paint. Dissolve a powdered grease solvent in warm water and wipe the plate clean with a cloth moistened in this solution. Dry thoroughly and then paint the plates with colorless nail polish. From then on they need only be wiped clean with a damp cloth.

A short cut with ash trays

You don't have to wash your pottery or metal ash trays every time you dump them. Apply a thin layer of floor wax to the ash trays after you wash them next time and allow to dry. Polish well. This prevents ashes and moisture from clinging and the ash trays can be wiped out quickly with a facial tissue or cloth.

Lines on fine china

The fine black lines that sometimes appear on your fine china are caused by silver scratching against the glaze. A fine abrasive cleanser will remove these lines without harming the glaze. Or use one teaspoon of ordinary laundry bleach in a quart of water. Rust marks caused by heavy iron concentration in the water supply in some areas can be removed also. Use salts of lemon, chemically called oxalic acid. Spread the powder on the stain and sprinkle with hot water to form a paste. Let stand for about ten minutes, then rinse. Repeat if stain persists.

Kitchen chrome can sparkle

Remove stubborn finger marks or grease splatters from the chrome trim of your range by dissolving a teaspoon of powdered water softener and a teaspoon of detergent in a cup of warm water. Wipe the trim with the solution, rinse and dry with a soft cloth.

Plastic protects recipes

Recipe cards are kept free from fingerprints or cooking splatters by covering them with plastic card covers available at most stationery or department stores.

Scouring pots is easy

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Vinegar for kettle coating

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SEND FOR FREE RECIPE BOOKLET

HOW TO COOK FOR A MAN—RECIPES

Continued from page 15

FOR THE HEARTY EATER

VEAL SCALLOPINI WITH MUSHROOMS

2 pounds veal cutlet (3/8 inch thick)
Milk
Dry bread crumbs
1/2 cup salad oil or dripping
1/2 clove garlic

2 tablespoons chopped onion
1/4 cup chopped green pepper
2/3 cup white wine
1 teaspoon salt

Cut veal into six servings. Dip each piece of meat into bread crumbs then into milk and again into crumbs. Place oil, garlic, onion and green pepper in a large skillet or frying pan. Sauté vegetables until almost transparent. Discard the garlic. Add veal and brown both sides on medium heat. Pour in white wine and sprinkle with salt. Cover the pan and cook slowly for 45 minutes turning the meat over halfway through the cooking. Or veal may be baked in the oven uncovered for 1 hour at 350 deg. F. Turn meat once during the baking. Veal will absorb most of the wine during the cooking. Spoon pan drippings over the cutlets when serving. Serve with whole or sliced mushrooms sautéed in margarine or butter. Makes 6 servings. Veal Scallopinini is delicious served with spaghetti and Luigi's Special Sauce (recipe below), as pictured on pages 14 and 15.

Note: Veal is fairly expensive at any time. If you wish, buy 1 1/2 pounds of veal and have the butcher flatten it well with a cleaver. It will then be sufficient for 6.

LUIGI'S SPECIAL SAUCE

2 tablespoons olive oil or fat
1 pound lean minced beef
1 clove garlic, minced
1 large onion, chopped
1 green pepper, diced
1/2 cup diced celery
1/4 pound sliced mushrooms (optional)
1 6-ounce can tomato paste
2 cups water
1 20-ounce can tomatoes

1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 bay leaf
4 peppercorns or 1/4 teaspoon black pepper
3 chili peppers, crumbled or 2 teaspoons chili powder
1 teaspoon oregano
1/4 teaspoon each of marjoram, thyme, rosemary, cloves (optional)

Sauté the meat in oil until it is lightly browned. Stir and break it up with a fork during the cooking. Add garlic and vegetables, then remaining ingredients. Cover and simmer slowly for 3 or 4 hours. Uncover and continue cooking 1 hour. Add additional water or tomato juice as mixture thickens. This sauce may be made in less time but the long slow cooking improves the flavor. Yields 6 to 8 generous servings. Spoon sauce over freshly cooked and drained hot spaghetti, rigatoni or any desired pasta. Accompany with Parmesan or Romano cheese.

GARLIC SPARERIBS

2 pounds spareribs, cut in 1-inch lengths
1/4 cup oil
2 cloves garlic, minced
1 1/2 teaspoons salt

Preheat oven to 375 deg. F. Arrange spareribs one layer deep on a large shallow roast pan. Add oil and garlic combined and sprinkle with salt. Bake in preheated oven for about 45 minutes, stirring the ribs twice during the cooking. Pour off fat. Add Sweet and Sour Sauce and cover the pan. Return to the oven and bake at 350 deg. F. for 1 hour. Serve with fried or fluffy rice. Yields 6 servings.

Sweet and Sour Sauce

1 20-ounce can pineapple tidbits
1 3/4 cups water
1/2 cup cider or white wine vinegar
1/2 cup brown sugar
3/4 cup coarsely sliced celery
3/4 cup diced green pepper
1 carrot, sliced thinly
1/2 teaspoon ground ginger or 1 tablespoon chopped candied ginger
1/4 teaspoon paprika
1 clove garlic, crushed
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 clove garlic
2 tablespoons soy sauce

Drain pineapple juice into a saucepan. Add remaining ingredients and simmer for 10 minutes. Thicken with 2 tablespoons cornstarch mixed smooth in 1/2 cup water.

OXTAIL BEAN SOUP

1 cup navy beans
6 cups water
2 teaspoons salt
1 pound oxtails
Flour
2 tablespoons dripping
1 1/2 cups chopped onion
1/2 cup diced celery

1/2 cup diced carrots
1 bay leaf
6 peppercorns
3 whole cloves
1 bouillon cube
1 tablespoon dry mustard
1 20-ounce can tomatoes

Cover navy beans with water and soak overnight. Next morning, drain beans and cover with 6 cups water. Add salt and bring to a boil. Cook slowly for 2 hours. Dredge oxtails with flour and brown in fat. Add to the soup with remaining ingredients. Simmer slowly for 3 to 4 hours longer. Soup will thicken with the long, slow cooking. If desired, add additional water or vegetable stock. Discard bay leaf, peppercorns and cloves. Correct seasonings before serving. Makes 8 servings.

Note: Lentils or split peas may be used in this recipe instead of navy beans. Reduce cooking time by about 1 1/2 hours.

BLUEBERRY OR SASKATOON BERRY CRUMB PIE

(Filling and topping for a 9- to 10-inch deep uncooked pie shell)

3 cups blueberries or 2 cups saskatoon berries along with 1 cup sliced apples
1 1/2 tablespoons flour or 1 tablespoon minute tapioca
1/2 cup white sugar
2 tablespoons orange juice
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
1/2 to 2/3 cup brown sugar
3/4 cup crushed cinnamon wafers

Mix fruit with flour combined with 1/3 cup sugar. Place in prepared uncooked pie shell. Sprinkle with orange juice. Mix butter, brown sugar and crushed wafers together and spread over the fruit. Bake in a preheated oven of 400 deg. F. for 35 to 40 minutes.

FOR THE GOURMET

BROILED OYSTERS UNDER BUTTERED CRUMBS

1 pint oysters
2 tablespoons bacon dripping
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons chopped celery
2 tablespoons chopped green onion
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup oyster juice and water combined
1/2 cup chili sauce
1/4 teaspoon thyme
2 tablespoons anisette or brandy (optional)
1 cup toasted buttered bread crumbs

Drain oysters and save the juice. Wash in cold water and remove any bits of shell. Drain and dry. Place them in a shallow greased baking dish one layer deep. Sprinkle with lemon juice and broil slowly 3 to 4 inches from heat for 5 to 10 minutes or until oysters curl. Do not overcook. While oysters are broiling sauté the vegetables in bacon dripping until almost transparent. Add salt, oyster juice and water, chili sauce and thyme. Cook slowly until vegetables are tender. Pour mixture over the oysters. Sprinkle with anisette and cover evenly with buttered crumbs. Return to the broiler for 15 minutes or until crust is brown and mixture is bubbly. Serve with fluffy rice, lemon wedges and parsley. Serves 6.

ANCHOVY CHEESE CRESCENTS

1 package dehydrated yeast
1/4 cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon sugar
3/4 cup scalded milk
1 tablespoon shortening
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 well-beaten egg
2 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
Soft butter
2 tablespoons anchovy paste
Creamed with butter
1/2 cup grated medium-old cheese

Dissolve yeast in warm water with 1 teaspoon sugar. Add shortening, sugar and salt to scalded milk. Allow to cool to lukewarm. Add egg and dissolved yeast. Stir in flour to form a soft dough. Knead slightly. Place in a greased bowl and chill in the refrigerator for 1 hour. Roll out on a floured board into a rectangle 1/4 inch thick. Spread generously with soft butter and fold over twice, enclosing the butter. Wrap and chill again in the refrigerator for half an hour. Remove and repeat this process three times, always rolling dough in the same direction and spreading each time with butter. Divide in two and form into circles. Roll out to 1/4-inch thickness. Spread with anchovy-butter mixture and cut each circle into 8 wedges. Roll up starting with the wide side and form in crescents on greased cookie sheets. Cover and set in a warm place until double in bulk. Bake in a preheated oven of 400 deg. F. for 12 to 15 minutes.

ROAST PHEASANT GOURMET

1 1/2- to 2-pound eviscerated pheasant
3 tablespoons soft butter or margarine
1 1/2 tablespoons flour
1/2 cup red wine or cherry juice
1/4 pound sautéed sliced fresh mushrooms

Allow pheasant to defrost in the refrigerator if it is frozen. This will take about 24 hours. Remove pin feathers with tweezers or by singeing. Wipe inside and out with a damp cloth and stuff with Black Olive Wild Rice Stuffing. Lace and tie securely. Spread breast and legs gen-

erously with a paste made of soft butter and flour. Place pheasant breast side up in a small greased, uncovered roast pan. Roast 1 hour at 350 deg. F. Pour in red wine; sprinkle lightly with salt. Cover closely and continue to roast at 350 deg. F. for 45 minutes to 1 hour longer. Baste pheasant with wine two or three times during this period. Place the bird on a heated platter and keep warm. Make gravy of the drippings in the roast pan and add sautéed mushrooms before serving. Gravy may be made with sour cream in place of water. Serve with tart jelly. Note: If you wish to reduce the wild flavor, rub the bird inside and out with a cut lemon and cover the breast and legs with slices of rindless side bacon before roasting.

Black Olive Wild Rice Stuffing:

1/2 cup uncooked wild rice
3 tablespoons chopped onion
2 tablespoons fat
1/2 cup chopped black olives
2 tablespoons French dressing or mayonnaise
3/4 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon black pepper
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg or thyme
1 tablespoon chopped parsley (optional)

Cook rice for about 40 minutes or until almost tender in boiling salted water. Drain well. Add remaining ingredients.

BUTTER-RUM PARFAIT

8-ounce package rum-and-butter toffee or caramels
1/2 cup water
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 pint whipping cream, stiffly beaten
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1/2 cup chopped toasted almonds (optional)

Break up toffee and heat in a saucepan with water until melted. Pour slowly over egg yolks. Transfer the mixture to the top of a double boiler and add salt. Stir until slightly thickened. Cool and fold into stiffly beaten whipping cream. Fold in egg whites and nuts. Pour into a freezing tray and freeze without stirring for 2 hours. Spoon into parfait glasses and top with additional whipped cream, if desired.

Note: A tablespoon of good light rum may be poured over each serving of the parfait before topping with whipped cream.

FOR THE HOME-COOKING MAN

BEEFSTEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING

1/2 pound beef kidney
1 pound lean stewing beef in 1-inch cubes
1/2 cup flour
3 tablespoons bacon dripping
1 cup chopped onion
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon each of pepper, sage, thyme, rosemary
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2/3 cup water
Suet Paste

Note: Half a bouillon cube may be dissolved in the water for a darker gravy. Remove tubes and fat from the kidney. Cut in small pieces and wash in cold water. Drain and dry. Dredge beef and kidney with flour. Sauté onion lightly in melted dripping. Add dredged meat and stir and cook until lightly browned. Add seasonings and water. Cover and simmer slowly for 1 1/2 hours. Stir mixture occasionally to prevent sticking and add additional water, if necessary. Cool slightly

and pour into a bowl lined with Suet Paste rolled to 3/8 inch thick. Cover with remaining paste. Seal edges. Gash the top and cover with greased paper or foil. Steam for 3 to 3 1/2 hours. Yields 5 to 6 servings.

Meat mixture may be tenderized in a pressure cooker for 10 to 12 minutes before placing it in the paste-lined bowl.

Suet Paste

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour 1/2 teaspoon salt
1 1/4 cups firmly packed minced suet
1 cup dry bread crumbs 1/2 cup cold water
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder (approximately)

Combine dry ingredients in a bowl. Rub the suet in well with the finger tips. Sprinkle with the cold water and stir with a fork to form a soft dough. Knead slightly on a lightly floured board. Set aside one third of the dough for the top. Roll remainder out to fit a 1 1/2-quart heat-resistant bowl or casserole.

POTATO AND LETTUCE SOUP

3 large onions, sliced 1 medium head lettuce, quartered
3 tablespoons margarine or dripping 4 cups water
5 medium potatoes, peeled and cut 2 teaspoons salt
2 whole cloves (optional)

Brown onions in fat until well colored. Place all ingredients together in a large saucepan and cook until vegetables are very soft. Pour the mixture into a large sieve over a bowl. Press the mixture through the sieve with the back of a wooden spoon, and transfer the mixture to the saucepan. Add 2 to 3 cups of whole milk depending on how thick you like the soup. Reheat without boiling. Correct seasoning and add a small piece of butter. Serve very hot with fried bread cubes. This soup is even better the second day. Yields 6 to 8 servings.

DRESSED LOIN OF PORK ROAST

4 pounds loin of pork 1 cup chopped celery
2 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs 1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sage or savory 2 teaspoons sage or savory
chopped onion 1/2 cup milk or French dressing
1 cup coarsely grated apple or

Have the butcher crack the back bones of the roast. Slice the meat to the bone every 1/2 inch of the loin. Combine remaining ingredients to form a moist dressing. Press some of this mixture between each of the cuts made in the roast. Tie roast together lengthwise and place in an uncovered roast pan with 1/2 cup water. (The top may be brushed with prepared mustard or ketchup.) Roast at 350 deg. F. for 1 1/2 to 2 hours or until meat slices are cooked but moist. Serve with applesauce or red-currant jelly.

JOHNNY CAKE WITH MAPLE SYRUP

1 1/4 cups sifted 1/2 cup sugar
pastry flour 1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup corn meal 1 cup milk
4 teaspoons baking powder 1/2 cup melted fat
2 eggs, well beaten

Combine dry ingredients in a bowl. Stir in the combined liquids. Do not beat. Pour batter into a greased 8 x 8-inch pan and bake at 400 deg. F. for 30 to 40 minutes. Serve warm in squares with butter and maple syrup.

FOR THE CALORIE COUNTER

SCRAMBLED EGGS

2 tablespoons soft 2 egg whites
bread crumbs 1 whole egg
3 tablespoons skim Pinch of salt
milk or tomato Dash of Worcestershire sauce

Soak bread crumbs in skim milk. Combine with the egg whites and egg. Add the salt and sauce. Beat lightly. Pour into the top of a double boiler and stir and cook until set. Makes one large serving. (Makes the same amount with half the calories as scrambled eggs using 3 full eggs and butter.)

BROILED BEEF PATTIES

1 pound lean beef 1/4 cup chopped onion
1 teaspoon salt 1/4 teaspoon thyme
1/2 cup crushed Vegetable stock,
rye wafers tomato juice or
1 tablespoon prepared mustard skim milk
1/2 cup grated carrot

Combine first seven ingredients with a fork. Stir in sufficient vegetable water (such as juice from canned green beans, etc.) to moisten. Dampen hands and form the mixture into six flat cakes. Place on a lightly greased broiling pan and broil about 4 minutes on one side. Turn with a spatula and broil the second side. Serve with lightly seasoned cooked vegetables and tomato aspic salad. Six servings.

BAKED STUFFED FISH FILLETS WITH LEMON

1 1/2 pounds 1/2 teaspoon salt
halibut, cod or 1 tablespoon lemon
sea perch filets juice
1 1/2 cups Vegetable 1 teaspoon dark
stuffing steak sauce

Wipe and dry fish filets with a damp cloth. Cut into 6 servings. Make stuffing with chopped cooked vegetables such as carrots, peas, spinach, celery, green or

wax beans (no potatoes please). Add remaining ingredients to stuffing and place 1/4 cup on each serving of fish. Fold edges of fish over the filling, secure with a toothpick and dip each bundle in dry bread crumbs. Place in a greased baking dish. Sprinkle with lemon juice and add 1 cup of water. Bake at 450 deg. F. for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve with lemon wedges. Six servings.

FRUIT FLAVORED ANGEL CAKE

4 egg whites 1/4 cup fine
1/8 teaspoon salt granulated sugar
1/4 teaspoon cream 1/4 teaspoon grated
of tartar lemon rind
1/4 tablet saccharin 1/2 teaspoon grated
dissolved in orange rind
2 teaspoons orange 1/2 cup sifted cake
juice flour

Beat egg whites and salt until foamy. Add cream of tartar and saccharin dissolved in orange juice. Beat until stiff. Fold in half the sugar and orange and lemon rinds, then sift flour and remaining sugar over the mixture, two tablespoons at a time. Fold gently after each addition. Pour into a small ungreased tube pan and bake in a preheated oven of 325 deg. F. for 35 to 45 minutes. Invert pan and allow to cool. Loosen edge with a wet knife and remove the pan. Serve in wedges with fresh unsweetened crushed pineapple.

FOR YOUR FUTURE HUSBAND

MENU 1

(Can be prepared on a hot plate)

SHRIMP COCKTAIL
CHICKEN FRICASSEE WITH
SOUR CREAM DUMPLINGS
GLAZED CARROTS
FLUFFY MASHED POTATOES
RELISHES ROLLS
STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE
(WITH BAKERY ANGEL CAKE)
COFFEE (STRONG AND WELL
FLAVORED)

MENU 2

(You'll need an oven for this)

CORN CHOWDER
BAKED HAM SLICE OR
STUFFED PORK CHOPS
SPICED PEACHES
ESCALOPED POTATOES
BUTTERED BROCCOLI OR
BRUSSELS SPROUTS
TOSSED SALAD
GERMAN APPLE PIE SHARP CHEESE
COFFEE

CHICKEN FRICASSEE WITH SOUR CREAM DUMPLINGS

4- to 5-pound boiling fowl cut in pieces 1 bay leaf
1/4 cup chicken fat or margarine
Water to cover 1/2 cup sliced mushrooms
1 teaspoon salt 1/2 package frozen peas
1 small onion, chopped 1 tablespoon chopped fresh parsley
2 stalks celery, sliced

Cover chicken with warm water. Add salt, onion, celery and bay leaf. Simmer until chicken is tender—about 2 hours. Lift meat from the liquid and chill the broth. Remove fat from the top and save it for future frying purposes. Dredge each piece of chicken in flour and sprinkle with salt. Fry until golden brown in chicken fat. Make a thick sauce of 4 tablespoons extra chicken fat, 1/3 cup flour and 2 cups chicken stock. Add 1 1/2 cups milk or cream and season well. Stir in mushrooms and peas. Pour mixture over chicken. Drop small Sour Cream Dumplings (below) on the sauce and cover the pan closely. Continue to cook for 15 to 20 minutes. Sprinkle with parsley before serving.

Sour Cream Dumplings

1 1/2 cups sifted 2 teaspoons baking
pastry flour powder
1/2 teaspoon soda 1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup sour cream

Sift dry ingredients together and stir in sour cream. Drop by spoonfuls on Chicken Fricassee mixture.

GERMAN APPLE PIE

3 tablespoons 1/4 to 1/2 teaspoon
butter grated lemon rind
5 or 6 apples, 1 tablespoon lemon
peeled and cut in juice or vinegar
eighths (about 4 3/4 to 1 cup firmly
cups) packed brown
1/2 cup washed sugar (depending
seedless raisins on sweetness of
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg apples)
(optional)

Melt butter in saucepan on low heat. Add remaining ingredients. Cover pan and steam mixture for 12 minutes or until apples begin to soften. Set aside to cool slightly.

Pastry:

2 1/2 cups sifted 1/2 cup lard
pastry flour 1 tablespoon lemon
1 tablespoon sugar juice
1/2 teaspoon salt 1 tablespoon water
1/2 cup margarine

Sift dry ingredients into a bowl. Cut in fat until mixture is crumbly. Stir in combined liquids with a fork to form a fairly stiff dough. Chill. Roll out on lightly floured board to fit a deep 9-inch pie plate. Sprinkle with 2 teaspoons flour and add the apple filling. Cover with a gashed top crust. Seal edges and bake in a preheated oven of 400 deg. F. for 35 to 40 minutes. ♦

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FOR CHATELAINE'S YOUNG PARENTS



Can a Scare Deform Your Baby?

Being frightened by a mouse *WON'T* harm your unborn baby—but other lesser-known factors in pregnancy sometimes cause congenital deformities

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, MD, DIRECTOR CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

RECENTLY a young woman expecting her first baby came to her doctor with the following story: "I've heard two stories which I am told are really true about women suffering a severe shock in early pregnancy and later giving birth to a deformed baby."

"In one, the woman was frightened by a circus elephant and when the baby was born his nose was elongated in the form of a tiny trunk and his feet were like those of an elephant in miniature. In the other, the woman was frightened by a horse in her first month and gave birth to a baby boy whose head was very large for his body and shaped like a horse's head. The 'elephant child' lived only a day or two, but the 'horse child' lived for about five years."

"Doctor, are these stories true?" she asked. "Or are they just old wives' tales? I can well imagine that a shock might cause damage to the developing embryo but I can't understand how the change could be so unnatural."

Of course, the doctor was able to assure her that the stories were completely false. Such incidents as she described can't possibly affect an unborn baby. There are dozens of other weird and false ideas about maternal experiences injuring the baby, for instance that eating a great many strawberries will result in a birthmark. Other time-honored schemes are thought to guarantee a healthy baby—such as planting a pear tree as soon as you know you are pregnant or carrying around a bent horseshoe nail. One young American obstetrician started collecting such myths, but when he had accumulated three hundred, all different, he became discouraged.

How life begins

The nine months you must wait seems a long time when you are the

mother yourself. But when you think that the baby starts off as a fertilized ovum, about one two hundredths of an inch in diameter and is born at the end of that time, complete in every detail and some seven pounds in weight, you can see that it really is a surprisingly fast and accurate process. His growth before birth proceeds in a regular sequence and it is quite rare for anything of any consequence to go wrong. Once in a long while something very unusual happens during the first three months, when the baby's organs are developing, so that he is born with a harelip, a cleft palate, heart disease or some other congenital deformity.

Surgeons can now do excellent repair jobs on harelips, cleft palates and a great many other congenital deformities. Heart specialists have devised intricate methods for finding out what kind of heart defect a child has. There are a multitude of different heart defects and several of them can be greatly improved by skillful surgery. Although most of these abnormalities arise in the first three months of pregnancy, some do occur later. However, as we said before, congenital deformities are not common unless you want to count moles as such.

What causes deformities?

Some years ago any abnormality appearing in a newborn baby was blamed on what he inherited from his parents or his ancestors. Some abnormalities, of course, can be traced to heredity, but a few are now known to be due to conditions affecting the baby while he is developing before birth. Mechanical injury caused by bumps or knocks rarely does him any damage whatever; he is floating in fluid surrounded by thick muscles and

RECIPE

Roast Beef Re-hash



Heat 1 cup diced or ground leftover roast beef in 1 can beef gravy with 1/2 cup water. Add 1/2 package dehydrated onion soup, 1 teaspoon Lea & Perrins. Simmer for 15 minutes and serve in mashed potato nests or on split tea biscuits.

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tough membranes which cushion him all around. He doesn't drown, because he doesn't breathe until after he is born. Of course he may be hurt in a serious motor accident, or he may be born prematurely as a result of such an accident.

About fifteen years ago, Sir Norman Gregg, an Australian eye surgeon, noticed that if a mother developed German measles during the first three months of her pregnancy she was more likely to give birth to a baby with cataracts, deafness, congenital heart disease or other defects than one who had not caught the disease. Certainly this doesn't always happen under such circumstances, but it may. As a result you would be wise to let your youngsters catch German measles when they are young because then your daughters will probably be immune for life. Congenital defects have also been blamed on mumps and chicken pox, two other virus diseases, but this hasn't been proved to everyone's satisfaction.

Research physicians in Boston found that if they exposed pregnant mice to low atmospheric pressures, the young developed various abnormalities. Under the conditions they imposed, the mother mouse was short of oxygen for five hours, as if she had spent that time on the top of Mount Everest. As a result of their work these doctors recommended that a

of either of these vitamins, but there is no doubt that excellent prenatal meals will help you to have a strong, vigorous baby. As for you, yourself, they not only help to keep you well during your pregnancy but benefit you even later on.

What about the next baby?

Some congenital deformities are definitely inherited and so the question is often asked: "Will our second child have a harelip like our first one?" The general answer is that the chances of this being so

are greater than normal but they vary from one defect to another and usually they are still not very great. We know they are commoner in mothers over forty years and in diabetic women. However, to obtain the most satisfactory answer to such a question, consult your doctor and an expert in genetics also, if that is possible. The assessment of the probability of the defect's recurring is very complicated and often difficult and requires expert knowledge. Naturally a detailed and accurate family history of

congenital defects is a great help to the geneticist. There are experts on human genetics at the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto. McGill University in Montreal has such a department too, and most other Canadian universities would probably be able to advise you if such a problem should arise in your family.

One thing you can be sure of, incidents like a bump, a scare or even a severe emotional shock will not in themselves produce any congenital deformity in your child. ♦

TRIANGLE

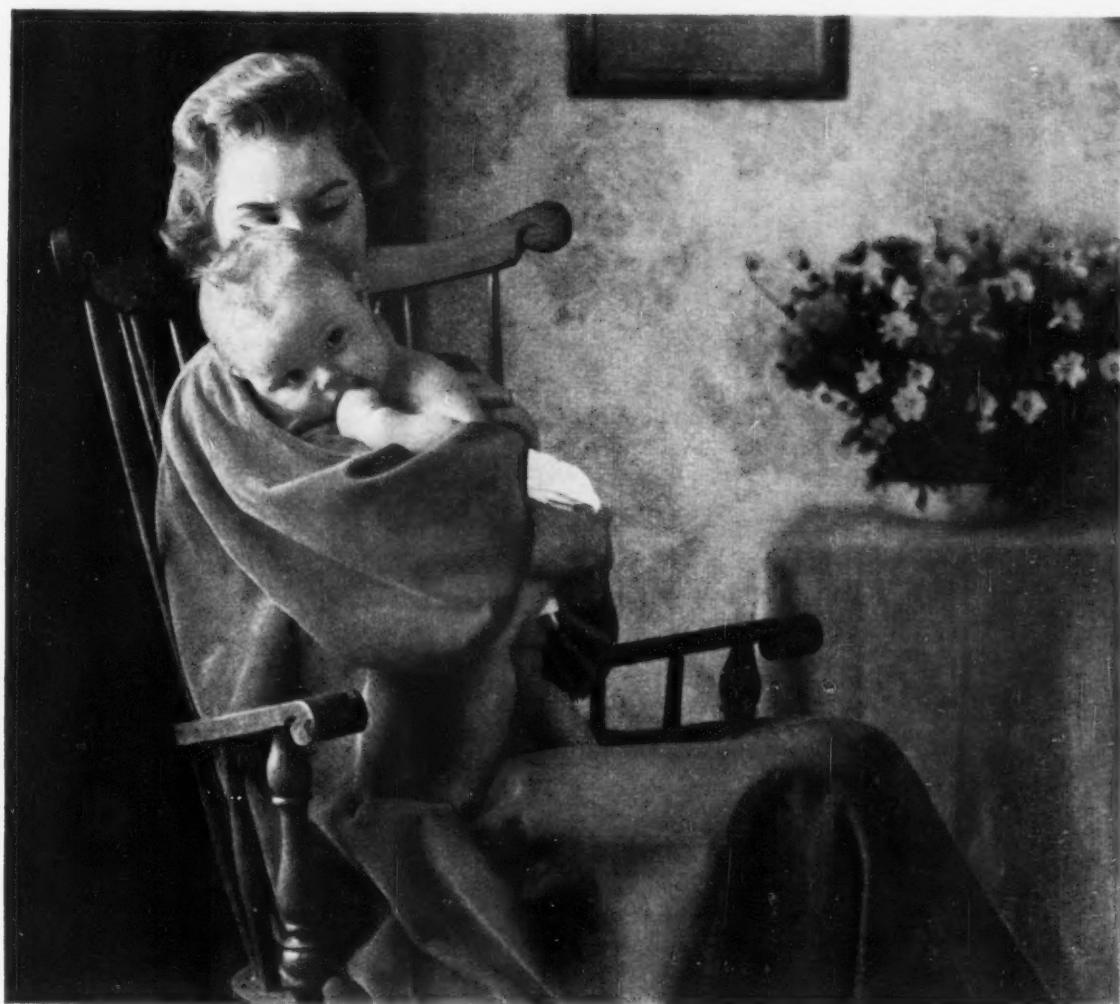
By May Richstone

I love your funny little walk,
Your crinkled nose, your lisping
talk,
Your tumbled curls—the whole day
through,
I dote adoringly on you;
But if the truth must be confessed,
I rather think I love you best
When you go off to slumberland
And I can hold your daddy's hand!

pregnant woman, especially during the first three months, should not fly unless it is necessary, should not have an operation unless it is an emergency and should not have dental procedures carried out which require the use of gas, because all of these experiences cut down her oxygen supply temporarily.

Physicians in Aberdeen, Scotland, found that women in the upper-income classes had only about one third as many babies with congenital defects as those in the lowest-income classes. The conclusion was that well-nourished, healthy women are less likely to have defective babies. Teach your children to like and eat the foods recommended in Canada's Food Rules when they are young so that eating the right foods will be a habit with them later on. It is most important to be in excellent condition early in pregnancy and not just in the middle and later stages when your physician will be recommending extra amounts of the protective foods without too great an increase in the total calories.

Results from studies in New York and Boston are similar to those from Aberdeen. Tests on pigs and rats have shown that maternal diets very low in vitamin A or in riboflavin (vitamin B2) cause defective development in the young. Probably no Canadian woman would eat so little



Love that grows with every heartbeat

How much is a baby loved? So much that there would seem to be nothing greater in the world than the love of a mother for her baby. And yet, this love still grows with every day that passes, with every word that baby speaks, with every step that baby takes. How does a mother show this love? In many ways—by providing happiness and security, by guarding baby's health. A wide assortment of Heinz Strained and Junior Meats in your cupboard is one of the surest signs that a sturdy baby is growing up in your home. Heinz Strained and Junior Meats provide high quality proteins and other growth factors so important to young bodies. They are made from specially selected cuts of meat and are prepared with an eye to easy digestion. They are backed by the Heinz name—a sure sign of finest quality.



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Chatelaine's CHATTY CHIPMUNK

brings you picture puzzles and a watch to make

You can make a dandy necklace from those short pieces of crayon that collect in your crayon box. Soften them on top of a radiator on a plate until they will bend. Shape them any way you want. Now put a darning needle through. After the holes are through, let the crayons harden and scrape off any dirt. Now thread them with ordinary needle and thread.

Here is something else that is fun to do. Find the names of the Canadian cities that are hidden in these pictures.

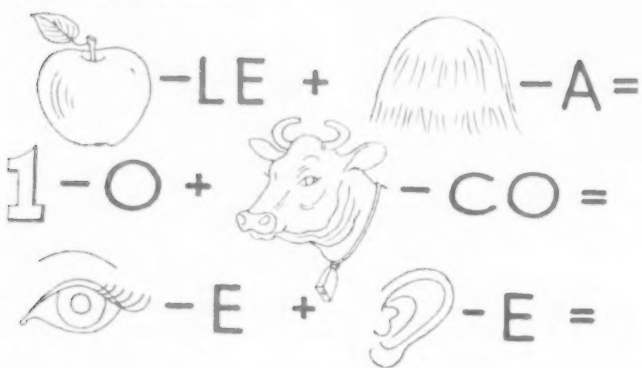
Answer: Hamilton Ottawa Regina



June Mackenzie, who reads our page, sent me this idea for a pocket watch. Glue two milk-bottle tops together plain side out. Color one side yellow-orange like gold. On the other side make a clock's face. Brass paper fasteners make hands and the winder. Make a watch chain of small gold safety pins pinned into one another. Isn't that great? It does everything but tick. Thank you, June.



When you work this puzzle out you will find my message to you for this month.



Happy New Year Message
Good-by until next month

Chatty

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE MARRIED TO A GENIUS



Pavla Marina (two), Peter, and Suzanne (Cloutier) Ustinov

Ottawa's Suzanne Cloutier was a star in her own right when she left the stage to marry Peter Ustinov, the brightest theatrical hope since Noel Coward. Read about the marriage they both call a three-ring circus.

AND IN THE SAME ISSUE

CLYDE GILMOUR looks back on a year's movies and lists

the ten best



and the ten worst



movies of 1956

In addition he names THE MOST PROMISING NEWCOMERS ■ BEST JUVENILES ■ BEST FOREIGN FILMS ■ and...THE SHAPELIEST LEGS

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